

COUNTRY LIFE



MISCELLANEOUS

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YOUNG LADY, 6 years Women's Land Army; can do shorthand, typewriting; seeks responsible position. Good home essential.—D. B. ROSE Cottage, Friday Street, Eastbourne.

OTHER PROPERTY AND AUCTIONS ADVERTISING PAGE 938.

COUNTRY LIFE

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NOVEMBER 30, 1945



Harlip

LADY GILLIAN DRUMMOND

Lady Gillian Drummond, is the youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Perth, of Oakley Manor, Basingstoke, Hampshire; her engagement to Lieut. John Murray Anderson, M.C., the Seaforth Highlanders, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ian Anderson, of Old Surrey Hall, East Grinstead, Sussex, was recently announced.

COUNTRY LIFE

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THE NEW LAIRD

THE offer to General Eisenhower by the National Trust for Scotland, and his acceptance of a residence in Culzean Castle, Ayrshire, is a felicitous act that has touched the imagination of the British Empire and, we may believe, of the United States. As the family home of the Marquess of Ailsa, head of the Kennedy clan, whose generosity has made this gesture possible, and lying somewhat off the tourist track, Culzean is not so well known as some other Scottish castles. But, as the photographs in this issue show, it is one of the finest and most superbly situated of them all. In honouring the great soldier in this way, and giving his admirers throughout the Commonwealth an opportunity to subscribe to the cost of the gift, the National Trust for Scotland has done something positive towards cementing the feelings of friendship and understanding between the English-speaking cousins, a cause near to the General's own heart and one which he has himself done so much to promote and make real. True to the Scottish genius, the gift converts feeling into an imaginative and practical act, just as it was Scotland, twenty-five years ago that created the most moving of national war memorials when the more introvert English, no less characteristically, resorted to masterpieces of understatement—the Cenotaph and the Unknown Soldier's grave—to express that which they found inexpressible.

This imaginative conception is capable of extension. Last week Lord Methuen raised in the House of Lords the whole question of the future of historic country houses, which has been ventilated in recent issues of this paper. Lord Henderson, in his reply, stated that the Government would view the case "with sympathy, understanding, and approval," but it is evident that they are not yet prepared to face the issue. The evidence shows that unless the State to some extent accepts a share in maintaining historic inhabited houses, as France has long recognised is necessary, these epitomes of British history, genius, and way of life—living legacies of our spiritual wealth—cannot survive the economic blizzard that now threatens to overwhelm everything not of immediate material use. The article published to-day draws attention to the shortsightedness of this inaction on the Government's own material grounds and puts forward a possible method of overcoming the practical problem of staffing and cleaning these historic monuments: by forming a State service of caretakers which might be largely self-supporting on the income from visitors.

But the new lairdship of Culzean raises yet another aspect of the matter. In a letter that we publish this week a correspondent suggests the very use for some of these great houses which the Scottish National Trust has exemplified: as apartments of grace for distinguished

ex-servants of the State. Sir Ian Colquhoun has announced that, subsequent to General Eisenhower's life-tenancy, Culzean is to be maintained as a guest house for distinguished persons who have rendered signal service not only to Scotland, but to the British Empire. While none for one moment will question the appropriateness of this gift to the Supreme Commander in the West, nevertheless this charming gesture to him does stand in glowing contrast to the narrow-mindedness of the Labour Government's attitude to our own leaders in the war. Though it might cause embarrassment to our Cabinet to seem to be conferring any benefit on the holder of a distinguished name, or to take any action tending to acknowledge that some men, and some buildings, merit special consideration, yet the idea of installing a great man in a great house would seem to serve two honourable causes. If the nation cannot afford gratitude to individuals who have rendered it signal service, it may yet find it possible to endow for them befitting homes if those homes are also monuments that, in all conscience, the nation should help to maintain, instead of acquiescing in their destruction.

VOICES

I HEARD those voices to-day again:
Voices of women and children, down in that hollow
Of blazing light into which swoops the tree-darkened lane
Before it mounts up into the shadow again.
I turned the bend—just as always before
There was no one at all down there in the sunlit hollow;
Only ferns in the wall, foxgloves by the hanging door
Of that blind old desolate cottage—and just as before
I noticed the leaping glitter of light
Where the stream runs under the lane; in that mine-dark archway
—Water and stones unseen as though in the gloom of night—
Like glittering fish slithers and leaps the light.
I waited long at the bend of the lane,
But heard only the murmuring water under the archway.
Yet I tell you, I've been to that place again and again,
And always, in Summer weather, those voices are plain,
Down near that broken house, just where the tree-darkened lane
Swoops into the hollow of light before mounting to shadow again . . .

FRANCES BELLERBY.

THE BRITISH POINT OF VIEW

THE recent Report of the British Council bears witness to the great expansion of its range of activities, its personnel and its expenditure. The critics, who, with such sums involved, will not be lacking, are bound to ask whether its work is on the right lines and to what extent it is doing things which might safely be left to unofficial enterprise. The answers, judging by the Report, are reassuring. The immediate problem is to broaden the contacts between nation and nation in days when more and more people have a controlling voice in the conduct of their Governments. Miss Freya Stark, in her *East is West*, discusses the failure of our contacts in Iraq of recent years, and points out that the friendly approaches of Courts and diplomats in dynastic days must now be reinforced by widening the contacts outside purely official circles so greatly that the masses of the nations come to know each other as well as do their diplomats. British prestige is high in the world at the moment, but (as the Council says in its Report) a sounder and more lasting basis of popular relations lies in the interest of British and foreign doctors, shopkeepers, students, teachers, or other workers in the common problems of social existence. As long as a great part of the Council's work is confined to an exchange of information on common workaday problems for people in all walks of life, that body is not likely to go far wrong in its endeavours to bring about the sort of mutual popular understanding which can make a world organisation work. That is the sort of understanding that we all want at the moment.

SIR ROBERT WITT

IT is sad indeed that Sir Robert Witt should, after forty-two years of invaluable public service as Chairman of the National Art Collections Fund, have been obliged by ill-health to retire. It is safe to say that without Sir Robert the achievements of the Fund in what will no doubt come to be regarded in after years as the perilous times of infancy, would have been impossible. His infectious enthusiasm and flagging energy have been the life-blood of the organisation, and he has always known how to make its wisely-guided plans for enriching the national treasure houses the cause of generosity in others. Just as important, by his wide scholarship, fine but catholic taste, and his penetrating acumen he has saved the Fund from the sort of mistakes which might, in early days, have been disastrous to its reputation and therefore to its continuous achievement. What that achievement has been may be judged from the exhibition in Sir Robert's honour at the National Gallery where so many of the Fund's acquisitions are now to be seen. When we reflect that most of them, but for such intervention, would now be foreign property we may estimate the nation's debt to Sir Robert. A sum of £10,000 has been set aside for purchases in his name and it would be fitting that it should be used, at least in part, as a nucleus for saving from permanent exile some of the irreplaceable treasures which, now that so many of our country houses are bound soon to change their status, will undoubtedly come upon the market. A wise policy of co-operation with the National Trust in such cases might well achieve its object with a minimum of expenditure.

THE RED COAT

WE have grown so well used to khaki during the last six years that we almost find it difficult to think of the British soldier in any other colour. To-day it is said that he will soon have a "walking-out" dress and that it will be of blue. That is a sober and a becoming colour, but it is permissible to hope that the red coat will not wholly vanish apart from the Household troops. Scarlet is in our minds the representative colour of our Army; it belongs to it as much as dark and light blue belong to Oxford and Cambridge, and has done so for a much longer time. In the first University Boat Race the Cambridge crew rowed in pink sashes, but the world would seem to have been turned upside down if they were to do so to-day; and so it would if a British Army were to be clad wholly in blue. Incidentally a fact has lately been pointed out, known probably to but few, that our soldiers owe their red coats not to any gay cavaliers, but to the New Model of the Puritans. We are apt to think of Cromwellian soldiers arrayed exclusively in plain buff jerkins, not very far removed from the khaki of today. Whatever their origin, red coats seem to us as much the mark of a soldier as red trousers did once of the French soldier, and it will be sad if it is to be so no longer.

OYSTERS AND AUSTERITY

SAM WELLER thought there was some connection between poverty and oysters and that when a man was very poor he went out and ate them in desperation. Many of us would like to go out and eat oysters to-day in desperation at the eternal austerity of life, but we should hardly deem it as a sign of our poverty if we did. Oysters indeed are to-day regarded rather as marking a profligate opulence. Even so we should be glad to eat them, and the news that the Dutch have six million oysters at their disposal would like to export to us makes the matter water, while the further news that the Government does not approve of the transaction is intensely irritating. There appears to be at least one excellent reason for emulating the Walrus and the Carpenter. The psychiatric medical inspector at the Home Office has declared that bad manners, discourtesy, inability and selfishness may very well be due to our present restricted diet. These are lamentable faults and if they could be exorcised by a dozen or so of excellent Dutch Natives this little aberration from the austere path would surely be worth while. Will not the Government relent in the cause of general good temper?



J. A. Brimble

LIGHT AND SHADE : LOUGHTON CAMP, ESSEX

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

I HAVE been taught to understand that the strawberry is a soft fruit which one grows for others, but not for oneself. The blackbird is quite convinced that it is produced for him exclusively, and as long as there are strawberries in the bed he quite obviously thinks of nothing else; the thrush, who normally behaves as a perfect gentleman in the garden, falls from grace in June, and adds soft fruit to his menu; tits of all varieties like them occasionally; and sometimes I suspect that even the robin has a sly dig at a scarlet fruit, but I prefer to believe when I see him in the rows that he is seeking for harmful insects. The worst offender of all in my garden is the field mouse, as he is wanton, cutting off every fruit, ripe or unripe, and making big caches of them in corners of the bed which he forgets to eat.

* * *

A COUNTRY LIFE reader from County Donegal experienced this Summer a serious raid by a garden resident which in the past we have regarded as entirely helpful and well-meaning—the frog. This correspondent had a remarkably good crop of strawberries this year of 1945 (it pays sometimes to have a garden which gets the beneficial warmth of the Gulf Stream during the late frost period), but as they swelled up and ripened they disappeared to the last fruit. Everything and everybody was suspected—even the gardener—and then, when a watch was kept at night, it was found that a swarm of frogs, suggestive of those mentioned in Exodus VIII, came out from a neighbouring wood where the soil was boggy, and went down the rows clearing off every ripe fruit.

As my correspondent, like so many others,

regards the frog with a friendly eye, he and his gardener collected the greater part of the raiding party—three large bucketfuls—and dumped them a mile away from the garden. The following evening, however, the same huge swarm invaded the garden, which suggested that either these displaced persons possessed a strong homing instinct, or that the boggy wood had unlimited reserves of frogs. My correspondent informs me that he has been told of another garden in Ireland, which suffers from the same visitation annually, and as one has never heard of such an invasion in England it would seem that, when St. Patrick cleared Ireland of snakes, he upset the balance of Nature.

* * *

AN interesting side-light on the thoroughness of the German character is provided by the news that the body of a European white stork—that wise fellow with the scarlet legs, white body and black wings—has been found on the banks of the Blue Nile at Shereik in the Sudan, and on one of its legs was an identification ring. The inscription on this reads: "ZOOL. POLON. POLONIA. VARSOVIA. 2:7:42. B. retour." I suppose on July 2, 1942, before the tide of war turned at Alamein, that things were looking fairly good and easy for the Germans, and they felt that they could spare the time to continue their ornithological researches, which, one must admit, were always

both thorough and efficient. It seems strange, however, that they should have started, or revived, the ringing station in wrecked and unhappy Warsaw.

* * *

IN the days when I used to see the great hosts of migrating storks, resting in the Sinai desert before taking off for the final stage of the journey across the Mediterranean, I came to the conclusion that the Germans went to the trouble of ringing a quite appreciable percentage of the birds, which spend the Spring and Summer with them. Always, when these big packs moved off to the north, there would be two or three unhappy stragglers left behind through being too weak to continue the flight. These would eke out an existence on desert lizards and insects for a week or more, but the next time one went that way one would see under a scrub bush a mass of black and white feathers, with a pair of scarlet legs stretched out skywards. On examination it was found that possibly one out of ten of these casualties had a Hamburg, Heligoland or Rostock ring on it, and I had so much correspondence with Germany as the result that I feared, when this war broke out, that my letters would be found, and I should find myself in gaol under 18b as a Fifth Columnist.

* * *

I WISH the stork were not so local in his habitat and that he would adopt England as his abode, or at any rate send over a small occupation force. I suppose a stork's nest between the chimney-pots would be rather insanitary, and possibly highly-scented in hot weather, but he is a very attractive bird and obviously most intelligent. When one meets a

pack of some seven or eight hundred storks resting on the open desert they appear to be quite convinced that they have nothing to fear from the human race, and will allow one to walk up to within a few yards of them. If one shows a desire to advance too close they will move off slowly with a stately, measured stride, giving one a cold dignified look over the shoulder, which conveys the impression that one is presuming, and that they do not wish to be too familiar with the lower orders.

I brought into my garden from time to time a number of these weakened birds, which had fallen out on the line of march, but although they fed heartily they never seemed to regain strength sufficiently to enable them to continue their flight to the north. They would wander about the garden disconsolately for weeks, sometimes for months, obviously miserable and pining for home, judging by the way they kept one eye aloft for the sight of their fellow-migrants; and sooner or later in a quiet corner

under the trees one would find the stiff body of the unhappy exile.

DURING an angling discussion on the general coloration of trout and the extent to which this varies, not only in specimens from different waters, but also in individual fish from the same lake or stream, I happened to mention that on one occasion I had caught trout on a small mountain lough in County Fermanagh, which had blue spots as well as brown and red! This statement met with some incredulity, and I was asked to name the lough and provide further details. On looking back through the mist of years to that day in the pure mountain air of North Ireland I wonder if my evidence as an eye-witness is reliable enough to be accepted in fishing circles.

It happened to be August 2, a date of some significance if one serves in a regiment with Minden traditions, and at the time I was attached to the Hampshire Regiment at Ennis-

killen, who were with Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick on August 1, 1759, and who had marched into battle with roses in their hats. I recall the day very clearly—particularly the long jolting drive up to the lough in an Irish jaunting car—and I remember that my companion, an officer of the Hampshire Regiment, also commented on the blue spots on the trout we caught. As, however, the whole of the scenery, including the lough, the boat and the boatman, seemed to be decorated with spots of varying hue that morning we may have been in the same state as the historical gun of Victorian times, who, as the result of late nights with the decanter, was in the habit of opening the day with a right and left at the cover of brown liver spots as they floated over the hedgerow in front. I should be grateful if any North Irish fisherman with experience of the Co. Fermanagh would confirm if there are trout near Enniskillen with blue spots—it would relieve my mind to hear that there are.

THE FUTURE OF GREAT COUNTRY HOUSES—IV

HOUSEMAIDS MEAN TOURISTS

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

AFTER reading the Marchioness of Exeter's and Lord Methuen's articles in this series, most people must have been struck by the contrast between the attitude to country houses of the British and French Governments. In England, according to Lady Exeter, the majority of owners of historic places, which before the war were

regularly open to the public, see little possibility of being able to resume these facilities, if indeed of being able to live in them, owing to the scale of taxation and the impossibility of obtaining the necessary staff.

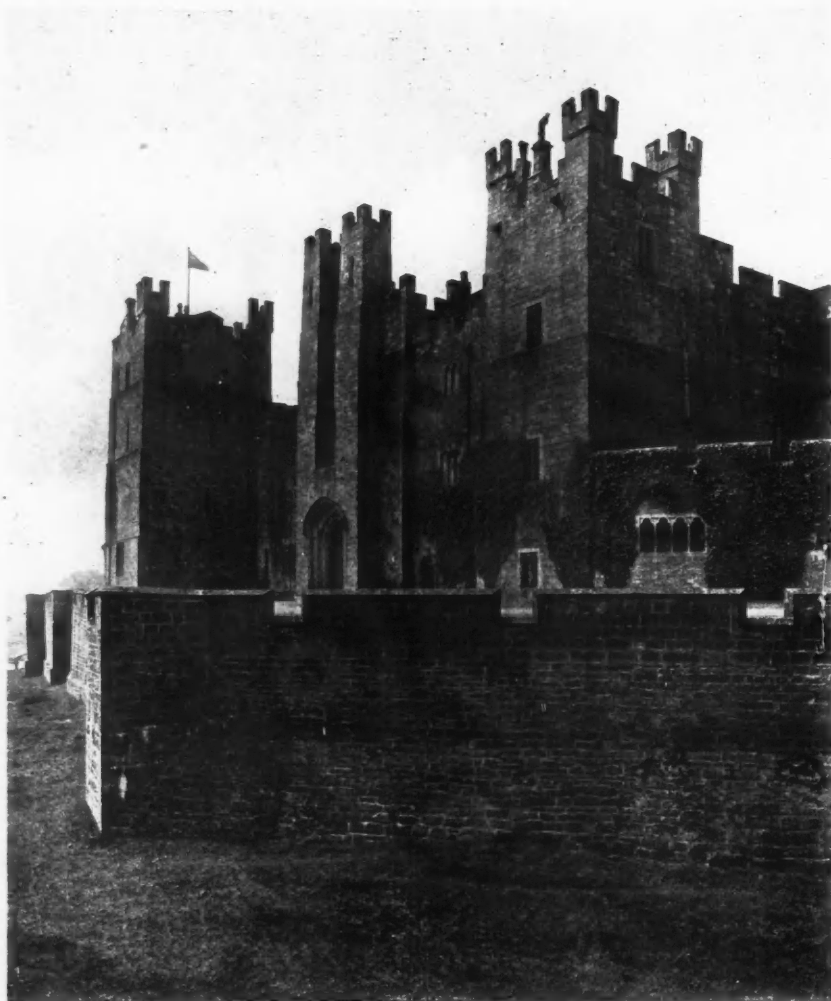
In France, whatever the present situation as regards staff may be, and however onerous taxation, the Government shares with the owners

the cost of keeping up the principal chateaux. This reminder of the importance attached by French governments, whatever their political complexion, to the buildings enshrining national culture may seem astonishing to us, the more so at this time when, economically and materially, France is immeasurably poorer even than this country. Yet it is only part of the rooted French conviction—passion is scarcely too strong a word—that, whatever disasters may overtake her politically, her great tradition in civilisation and the arts must, at all costs, be preserved. As news is gradually percolating across the Channel of happenings there during the past six years, it is becoming evident that so far from the débâcle of 1940 and the German occupation having caused the French to jettison their arts as a peace-time privilege or a luxury for times of plenty, they have on the contrary contrived to increase the nation's artistic resources. For example, during the war the new museum of French mediæval art in the Trocadero has actually been completed.

One result of this, to us, strange scale of values will be that, as soon as Tourism is opened to the international public, France will get a flying start, being able to offer the full range of historic treasures that, before the war, brought the country the highest income from tourist traffic of any in Europe.

In considering the future of great English country houses—the counterpart in this country to the chateaux of France—their potential value to the tourist industry cannot be over-stressed. It was the avowed policy of the Coalition Government, which has been confirmed on several occasions by a Minister in the present Government, to do everything possible to attract tourists to Britain. The invisible export represented by tourist traffic is recognised as an important source of national income. But, without being unduly pessimistic on the matter, one may justifiably ask what it is that tourists are expected in their hundreds of thousands to flock to see? Our riches in scenery, art and architecture—of the kind appealing to the average tourist—great as they are, are easily surpassed in their respective kinds by Italy, France, Spain, Switzerland, Holland, to mention only countries likely to be accessible in the near future.

In one category alone Britain has something unique to offer, that is the epitome of national history, traditions, art, and scenery constituted by the great country houses with their contents, gardens, and parks. It is not special pleading but a statement of fact that the historic character of England (it applies much less to Scotland and Wales) is visually presented in these places as in no other way. In Italy there is naturally greater classical architecture and painting; in France the famous chateaux attain a formal splendour unequalled here; other countries have more prolific schools of painting and so on. But nowhere else is the conception of the "home" found developed with such richness and humanity of content, or with



RABY CASTLE, DURHAM
Opened regularly to the public before the war



STOURHEAD, WILTSHIRE

The 18th-century landscape garden around the lake. Open to the public

such endless variety, in harmony with the fine arts and the cognate arts of gardening, landscape architecture, and husbandry. The peculiar characteristics of English temper and civilisation led to the expenditure on these country homes and their surroundings of the attention and artistry lavished in other cultures on religious edifices, town dwellings, or the palaces of petty royalty; and from this English regard for the country was evolved the uniquely national art of pictorial landscape architecture, found in its supreme manifestation in the parks surrounding these houses. This peculiar contribution to European culture is, to be sure, spread over the whole landscape of England, but is best appreciated, at least in the first instance, in its unadulterated application to such places as Stourhead, Burghley, Goodwood, Stowe, and Blenheim.

Yet so far from national "Come to Britain" policy being co-ordinated with internal fiscal policy—as in France it has been for a century—Lady Exeter's article establishes that the maintenance of these historic monuments has been rendered next to impossible in all but exceptional cases, by the up-grading of taxation on the larger incomes and by the labour situation. The hereditary owners of most large historic houses are in very few instances wealthy men on the scale of many commercial and industrial magnates, few of whom are saddled with comparable commitments. In the course of the ironing out of income levels to which recent Governments have been committed, the latter class enjoys considerable advantages over the former: the business man with no historic or territorial responsibilities can reduce his overheads by living in a service flat, and the community is none the worse. But if the owner of a Knole or a Blickling or a Lyme decides simi-

larly to retrench, he can only do so either by making over his home, and so much of his capital wealth that insufficient may remain for him to live on, to the National Trust; or by dissipating a portion of the national cultural inheritance. That is to say, letting or selling the place to an institution that may maintain the fabric but is unlikely to maintain anything else, or selling the contents and letting the fabric fall down, the gardens and park revert to waste. In so doing he may well find peace of mind and relative affluence. It is his former neighbours, estate employees, and tenants who will be the material sufferers, and the community as a whole who will be deprived of that much of traditional England.

Viewed from this angle, and including the educational and tourist factors, the extinction of the great house seems a poor bargain for the nation. And those who are most vociferous against "the rich" are generally agreed on the desirability of nevertheless maintaining the cultural heritage. How are the two tendencies to be combined for practical purposes?

At the outset it will be necessary for the electorate to disabuse itself of the common confusion between a great historic house and housing. It is possible but beside the point to argue that it is unfair for an individual to own a house containing a hundred rooms while thousands of families have no home at all. It has not been seriously suggested that these buildings could materially contribute to the housing shortage, hopelessly situated and designed as they are to that purpose, yet the feeling is probably at the back of the minds of some people who regard the great house as somehow inimical to their just aspirations. Certainly no owner of a great house for a

moment claims that his problems of upkeep and maintenance should interfere with the crying national need for more and better houses. But he would like to continue to live in his own home, as he is entitled to do, and to share its historic and artistic aspects with the community. If he is prevented from living in it, the community gains nothing, and loses something, possibly all, of those immaterial assets.

If it is considered desirable to protect these historic and artistic assets, what are the practical alternatives? Lord Methuen has compared the effective French method—a 50 per cent. State grant towards upkeep of places listed as historic monuments—with the English principle that a building must be uninhabited before State funds are available for its maintenance, and has proposed that the Act be amended to cover selected inhabited houses on the French model.

Alternatively an allowance by the Inland Revenue on the maintenance cost, if its intricacies could be overcome and abuses be prevented, would in some ways be even more effective.

In at least one case a house was shown daily without, however, any profit, the loss on the business under Schedule D being deducted from Schedule A assessment. But in 1939 the Revenue Authorities refused to allow the showing to continue on this basis (*Case 1 Sched. D*), changing it to *Case 6* whereby loss in one year is allowed to be deducted from profits of another year. This necessitated withdrawal of access facilities, and the owner states that the place will now have to be let to some institution or portions let for other purposes, in neither case enabling public access.

An immediate relief, which would ease the situation in some cases, would be derating, as

with farm buildings. Rates are supposedly based on the unfurnished lettable value of premises which, in the case of this class of house, would in practice be *nil* but in the eyes of the rate-collector remains what it was a generation ago.

But Lady Exeter has implied that, even if a State grant were available, it would not be possible to secure the necessary staff to give effect to the intention of an amended Act. There is, temporarily at least, a prejudice against domestic work even if ultimately it is for the benefit of the community, and this prejudice may continue. The problem may well be the provision of the trained staff, as much as the financial assistance, for upkeep.

The following suggestion may therefore be worth further discussion and consideration: that State assistance might take the form of providing and paying the additional house-

the size and locality of the house, and its adaptability for this dual use.

By this means the difficulty met with by private owners in procuring domestic staff would be overcome, assuming that a Government department is more successful. Current plans for bureaux of "household helps," employable by the hour or day and provided with central quarters, is a parallel, in the domestic sphere, to the conception of State-employed housemaids and guides for historic monuments. The suggestion, while it can scarcely fail to be distasteful, at first blush, to some of those accustomed to full enjoyment of, and responsibility for, their homes, seems to provide a workable basis for that distinction between a great house as a national monument and as a private home which was mentioned earlier in this article. The principle of division between

third to charity, one-third to wear and tear of druggets protecting carpets, and one-third towards wages. In a third establishment, with extensive gardens opened with the house twice weekly at 1s., the wages of outside employees totals £765 and of indoor servants including guides £475, plus £200 board, total £1,440, with annual income from entrance fees £2,350, the balance after taxation being expended on the maintenance of house and grounds.

At another well-known place the following figures apply to 1937 and 1938:

RECEIPTS.

		Days.	Visitors.	£	s.	d.
1937	House and gardens open ...	38	13,986	819	15	6
	Gardens only ...	5	4,609	219	19	6
1938	House and gardens ...	30	11,526	663	12	0
	Gardens only ...	5	3,522	173	4	0



FORDE ABBEY, SOMERSET. THE SALOON

The Abbey, converted to a house after the Dissolution, was regularly accessible to the public before the war

hold staff involved by maintaining a place as an historic monument, and shouldering the full cost of maintenance and wear and tear, offset by the full income from entrance fees to the public parts. The owner, under this scheme, would retain titular possession and a reasonable portion of the house and grounds for his private occupation, with the right to use the show rooms when not open to the public. He would, in fact, be in the position of the citizen unencumbered by such property who retrenches by moving into a small house or flat, relieved of all the cost of maintaining an historic monument, but, in return for the State's use of his furniture, works of art, and rooms of state, enabled to occupy part of his home and, when requiring to, to use the whole of it. The times of public access, whether limited or unlimited, would depend on various considerations—the requirements of the public, the staff maintained,

public and private parts has already been established in the acceptance of the Duke of Wellington's gift of Apsley House to the nation, while retaining the use of a part for his own occupation.

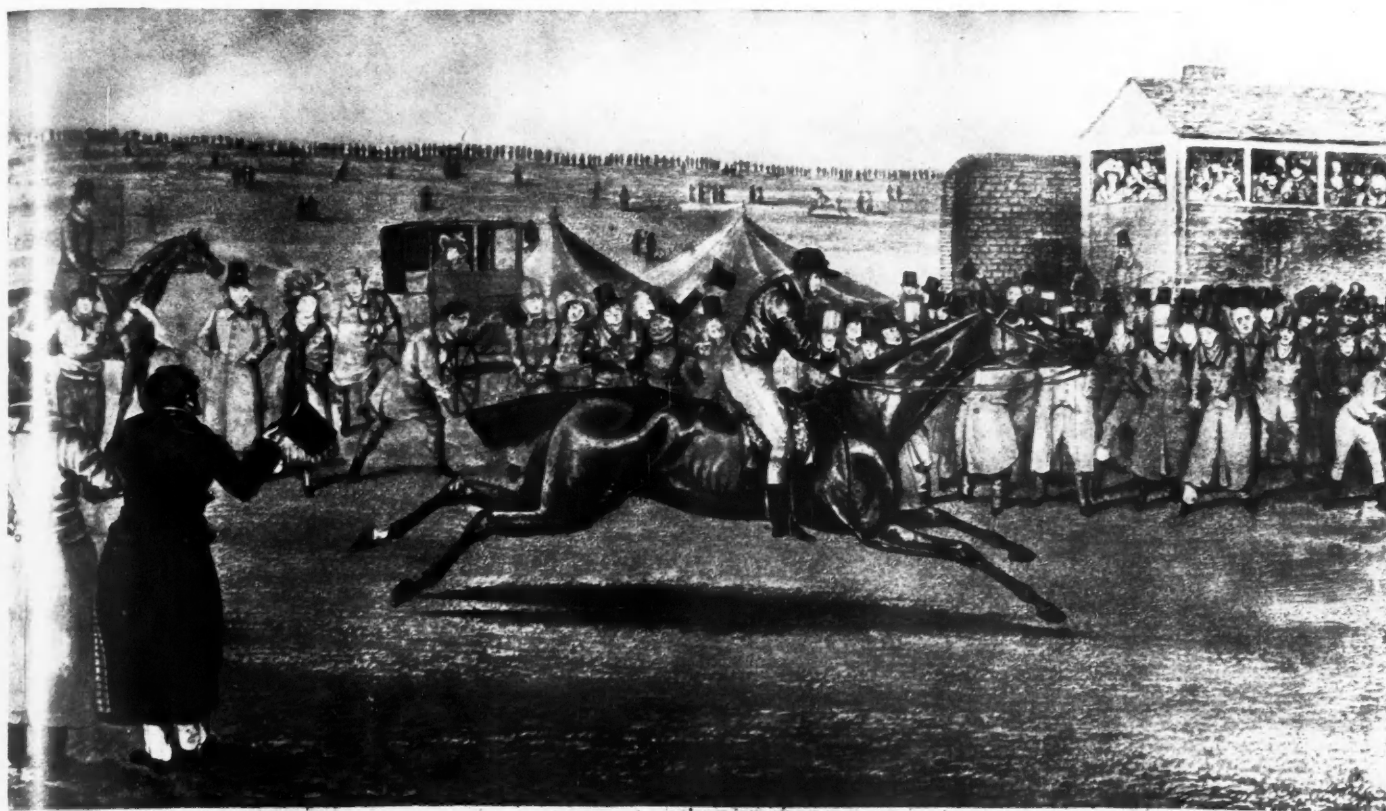
The finance of the scheme would need working out. In the following examples two, owing to special circumstances, show a considerable profit of income from visitors over cost of public showing, but only one indicates the cost of general maintenance as distinct from that of public access. The differentiation must always be difficult. The others, if any income at all accrues, show only a small contribution to costs. Most historic houses are regularly open to the public free of charge. In one such, eight housemaids were employed, costing, with their board, approximately £1,000 per annum. Another house, employing a staff of 12, charged 1s. 6d. to visitors averaging 2,000 yearly. This produced only £150, which was divided as to one-

PAYMENTS.

1937	Wages of workmen preparing for and cleaning after admission season ...	153	16	3
1938	Do. ...	125	12	7
1937	Housemaids for extra cleaning ...	22	10	0
1938	Do. ...	17	10	0
	Payments towards upkeep of estate roads (1937 and 1938) ...	20	0	0
	Special insurance (1937 and 1938) ...	5	0	0
1937	Donations to hospital and charities ...	786	6	2
1938	Do. ...	691	15	3

The last two examples are exceptional, owing to special situation and attractions. They suggest that an Historic Monuments service, adequately staffed and publicised, need not be expensive to the Exchequer, while tourists, prosperity, and even living Britons (if they care to avail themselves of the facilities) gain an asset irreplaceable if once permitted to disintegrate.

SQUIRE OSBALDESTON'S RIDE By ADAIR DIGHTON



EXTRAORDINARY MATCH BY GEO. OSBALDESTON, ESQ.

FROM A COLOURED PRINT OF HENRY ALKEN'S PICTURE SHOWING THE FINISH OF SQUIRE OSBALDESTON'S MATCH AGAINST TIME

THE story of Squire Osbaldeston's 200-mile match against time affords an appropriate continuation of the article (COUNTRY LIFE, November 2) on Captain Barclay's 1,000-mile walk.

George Osbaldeston was the son of Mr. Osbaldeston, of Hutton Bushell, near Scarborough, Yorkshire. He was born in Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square, London, at an 18th-century equivalent of the modern nursing home, on December 26, 1787. Six years later his father died and his mother left their Yorkshire home for Bath, where young George had his first riding lessons. He went to Eton and Brasenose College, Oxford, which he entered as a gentleman commoner on May 3, 1805.

Even at the age of 18 the young squire was Master of a pack of foxhounds which he had bought from Lord Jersey and hunted in the neighbourhood of his mother's property at Hutton Bushell. Later he became, in turn, Master of the Atherstone, the Vine and the Quorn. According to contemporary accounts he also excelled at pigeon-shooting, steeple-chasing, cricket, and billiards.

This, then, was the man who in 1831, at the age of 44, made a match against Time—that he would ride two hundred miles in ten hours on Newmarket Heath for a wager of £1,000 with Colonel Charitté, one of the founders of Cheltenham races.

On the Saturday in the Houghton Meeting week—a raw and wet morning—the Squire, accompanied by his umpire, Mr. Thellusson; Colonel Charitté and Mr. Bowater, his umpire, arrived at the Ditch Stand at seven o'clock. Watches were set and locked and at thirteen minutes past seven the Squire began his journey. Clad in a black velvet cap, a purple silk jacket and doeskins—it was the first time that he had ridden out of his own colours, Lincoln green—he wore no flannel despite the inclement weather. He had a broad riding-belt with whalebone round his waist and used saddles covered with lambskin. Throughout,

he rode with what, in those days, were remarkably short leathers.

The course of four miles was not exactly the Round Course, which was a little short of that distance. By going outside it, however; entering the Beacon Course at Choke Jade, touching the Bunbury Mile and coming home close to the Ditch, he made a four-mile course and changed his horse at the end of each round. After the fourteenth the Squire drank a mouthful of weak brandy-and-water. At the end of the twenty-fifth he drank another mouthful and

ate a little bread. He completed the twenty-sixth round in exactly eight minutes. When one remembers that he was riding at 11 st. 2 lb. this can be considered good going. It was his fastest round. At the end of a further four, after completing 120 miles in five hours and eight minutes, Mr. Osbaldeston stopped to lunch off a cold partridge, with a modicum of weak brandy-and-water. He was on his way within six minutes as he was wet to the skin and was frightened of becoming stiff with cold. In the forty-eighth circuit the weather was so bad that one of his mounts—appropriately named Streamlet—refused to face it. Nevertheless the Squire completed his task at nine minutes to four in the afternoon, having ridden the two hundred miles in eight hours and thirty-nine minutes including stops. He is reported to have finished as gay as a lark, waving his whip over his head.

At the Stand it was difficult for his supporters—Gully, Tom Oliver and Harry England—to find room for him to dismount. The Squire was received with enthusiasm by his friends, among whom were Lady Chesterfield and her sister, Mrs. Anson, two of the most beautiful women of their day. Almost immediately he jumped on his favourite hack, Cannon Ball, and led the assembled horsemen into Newmarket at a slapping pace. At his lodgings at Perrin's he had a warm bath, a nap and a good dinner.

The match caused great excitement. The sporting Press even broke into poetry. The Squire was reputed to have won between £20,000 and £40,000. This, however, was incorrect as, on the advice of his friends (?) he did not back himself in the Ring but left it to them. The result was that they filled their pockets at 6-to-4 while his own money was put on after the first few rounds, when the betting was reported to have been a diamond to a dumpling, or the Lord Mayor's thumb to a toothpick in his favour. After all expenses had been paid the actual amount won by Mr. Osbaldeston was £1,800.



SQUIRE OSBALDESTON AS A YOUNG MAN

Kischgitz

THE ART OF QUILL-DRESSING

By SYLVIA GROVES

QUILL-DRESSING, which to-day is an almost forgotten art in this country, was for many centuries an occupation of great importance. Until the development and perfection of the metal nib in Birmingham about 80 years ago quills were the only alternative to canes and reeds that could be used satisfactorily for pen-making.

It is unlikely that before the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the demand for pens of any kind was large, as so many people were illiterate. For those who were able to write, quills could be found with but little searching in field or farm-yard. Preparation was a matter for individual skill and taste. When instruction in writing became more general, however, the demand for pens increased. In the towns, where feathers were not easily obtainable, it soon became customary for the shops to sell bunches of quills dressed and ready for cutting.

The main supply of these quills came from large flocks of geese which were maintained in Westmorland and the fenlands of Lincolnshire, Norfolk and Cambridgeshire. The feathers of turkeys, swans, ravens, peacocks and crows were sometimes used, but, although those of the turkey and the swan are the strongest, the goose quill is the softest. Crow quills were used for very fine writing.

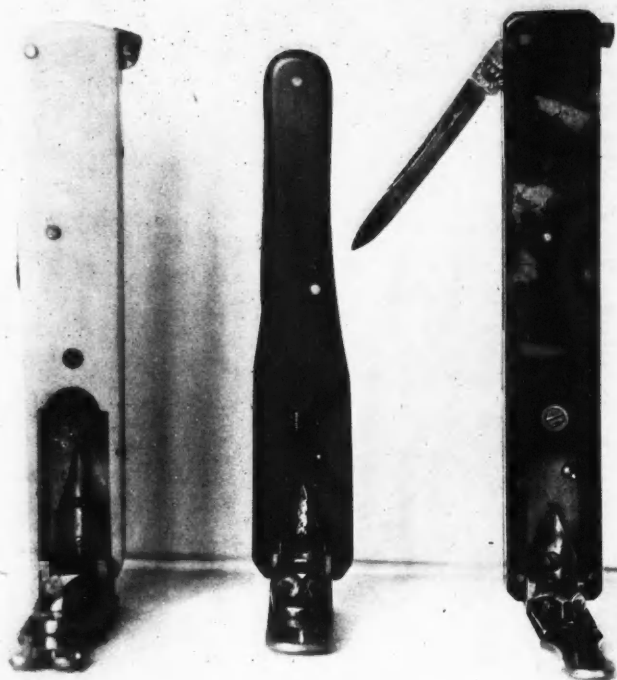
Only the five exterior feathers of the wing were used for pen-making. Those taken from live, well-fed birds were said to be the most durable and the least likely to be eaten by moth—a form of attack to which they are particularly liable. Until the middle of the nineteenth century it was a common practice to pluck birds while alive. The small feathers from the back and breast, which were used for stuffing beds and pillows, were pulled at intervals of from two to three months. The wing feathers, however, could not be taken as frequently as this. In some parts of the country birds were quilled two or three times a year, while in other districts it was held that good pens could be obtained only if the quills were pulled when ripe—that is, at the time when they would normally be cast. In an account of goose-rearing and plucking in 1820 the price paid by London dealers for freshly-pulled quill feathers

is given as 5s. per thousand.

English dressers prepared their feathers in two ways. In the first the workman sat before a small stove and, after thrusting the barrel of the quill into the fire for a few moments, laid it on a heated iron plate, where it was drawn beneath a blunt-edged blade called a hook. Softened by the heat, the quill was thus stripped of its opaque outer membrane without danger of splitting. It was said that a skilful workman could handle as many as 2,000 quills in this way during a ten-hour day. The feathers were next passed on to a woman to be cleaned with a piece of rough dog-fish skin. They were then made up into bundles of 25, left and right wing feathers being bundled separately. In the second method the quills were steeped for a night in a decoction of turmeric and dried in warm sand before being scraped. Staining them yellow gave them a mellowed appearance which was much admired, though it in no way added to their efficiency.

Some idea of the importance that was attached to quill-dressing at this period may be obtained from a book of receipts published in the early part of the nineteenth century, and purporting to contain *The Arcana of Trade and Manufacture*, in which no fewer than six methods of preparing quills are recommended, three of them coming from the Continent. The Dutch method, noted by the French when they conquered Holland, was to dip the quill repeatedly into hot water until the greasy covering was removed and then, while the quill was still soft, to whirl it between the thumb and forefinger until cylindrical. The French prepared their quills by plunging them into very hot sand. From Vienna came a recipe for suspending a bunch of feathers over a kettle of boiling water, after which treatment they were found to be transparent and even more durable than "the best Hamburg quills."

Although satisfactory methods had been



QUILL-CUTTERS OF IVORY, HORN AND TORTOISESHELL

The lever of each has been turned down to expose the cutting mechanism

found for dressing feathers, the problem of cutting was not so easily solved. The mechanical shaping of quills in quantity does not seem to have proved successful. In the Victorian era people still carried penknives with which to cut and trim their own pens as their forbears had done in earlier centuries. About 1840, however, there were invented small hand-cutters with finely-adjusted mechanisms that gave more reliable results. These cutters are usually about four inches long, mounted in ivory, horn or tortoiseshell, and are slim enough to be carried in a waistcoat pocket. A hinged lever on one side of the implement, when pulled out at right-angles, reveals a sharp, steel, cutting device which both shapes and slits the nib. The quill is inserted through a hole at the end of the cutter, the lever is pressed back into position with the thumb, and the feather is withdrawn almost ready for use. A guillotine for clipping the point is usually provided at one side of the top of the handle, while a slencer blade for trimming opens out from the opposite side.

It was, no doubt, the desire to dispense



INSERTING A QUILL IN THE CUTTER



CUTTING A QUILL

Charles Thomas

with the difficulties of cutting and re-cutting that led to the introduction of the elegant glass pens which came into use in the first half of the nineteenth century. In these days of the durable metal nib it is not easy to realise the inconveniences of writing with a pen that may fray or split during use. Mrs. Delaney, in a letter to a friend in 1773, complains, "all my pens are wore out, but they shall in their fatigued state express my best thanks for all your kindness." The reference to a worn nib also ends many an 18th- and 19th-century letter.

The hard and permanent point of the glass pen must, therefore, have seemed at first to possess many advantages over the quill and for a time it attracted widespread attention. Its popularity was, however, only brief, partly because it was somewhat intractable in use (the flow of ink from a glass nib is apt to be uncertain) but also because, being rigid, it was quite unsuited to the type of writing which most people had been taught to practise. For curves and flourishes a glass nib is useless.

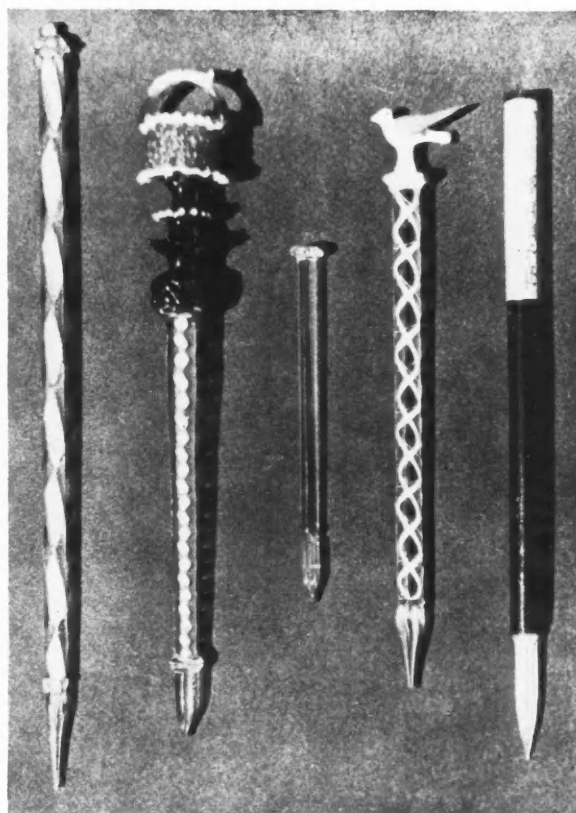
English glass pens are usually of plain or blue glass and are comparatively short, the knob at one end of the shaft sometimes being made to form a seal. In the middle of the century there was a fashion for more elaborate pens. Long, slender implements decorated with birds, flowers, and baskets of fruit in multi-colored glass came from Venice and Bohemia. Owing to their extreme delicacy, few of these have survived undamaged until the present day. They are of peculiar interest as being the only rivals to the quill in its long history until the invention of the metal pen. At the end of the Victorian era there was an attempt to revive the vogue of the glass pen in a more practical form and the Japanese began making, for European use, pens with an unbreakable handle of bamboo in which was set a finely-grooved nib of white glass. By this time, however, the metal nib had been generally accepted and the day of the glass pen was over.

The quill, on the contrary, was not destined to disappear. In the late nineteenth century countless penholders were made to hold the newly-invented steel nib. In imitation of these, quill nibs were also made and sold in

boxes by the dozen with the warranty that they had been cut with a knife. They provided, for a time, perhaps, a useful compromise for those people who still felt the metal nib to be too much of an innovation.

For the use of the artist in writing and illuminating the quill to-day remains unsurpassed for, unlike the metal pen, it can be shaped by the user to suit his exact requirements. It also has a pleasant, natural elasticity which affords the freedom so necessary for the artist's work. In considering the evolution of the metal pen it is interesting to note that this flexibility has been retained as far as is possible. The split nib is, of course, a necessity if variation in the width of stroke is required. If the modern tendency to ignore the light and the heavy stroke continues, it is probable that a harder, stylographic type of pen may come into more general use and that the flexible nib, like the quill, may one day be used only by the artist.

The subject of the quill cannot be dismissed without a brief reference to the status of the goose in this country. For the farmer it is an uneconomical bird to keep, owing to the large amount of grass it consumes, and there seems little doubt that its popularity has declined sharply in the last 80 years. As long as quills were used for writing, however, the maintenance of large numbers of geese was a sheer necessity and it is only reasonable to suppose that the majority of these birds, sooner or later, were killed and eaten. The frequent appearance of goose on the bill of fare in former centuries is not necessarily an indication of its popularity as a table-



Charles Thomas

EARLY VICTORIAN GLASS PENS AND (Right) A GLASS PEN WITH BAMBOO HANDLE MADE BY THE JAPANESE FOR EUROPEAN USE

bird. It may have been due to the need for fulfilling the requirements of the quill-dressing industry. When Birmingham became known as the pen shop of the world quills were no longer wanted. The goose, in consequence, lost its importance and was allowed to fall out of favour.

THE VILLAGE QUIZ

By E. MOORE DARLING

ONE is constantly told that whereas people of the remote countryside will combine for amusement, they will have nothing to do with what are called cultural activities, and I have just confirmed what I have always suspected, *i.e.* that the assumption is untrue. It is true that the real villager suspects any attempt by his "superiors" to educate him during his adult years: that he is shy of anything new, especially if he suspects it of being highbrow: and that, above everything else, he will run no risk of making a fool of himself by venturing into the unknown. But it is also true that, given conditions under which he feels easy, he is just as capable of exchanging ideas as a townsman—and his ideas are at least as well worth exchanging.

As a background to the picture it should be said that my village has a population of about 200. A mile away is another village a little bigger, while within reach are two other tiny hamlets which bring the total population of the area up to about 600. The nearest town is five miles away, and the buses run only on Wednesdays and Saturdays. It sounds, and is, quite definitely remote. Most of the farms are well-run dairy holdings, and as well there are a dozen or more small holdings, in addition to one or two places which may well be described as a cottage and a croft.

Being anxious to provide some little mental stimulus for the village, I asked a few men in one evening to talk it over. I began (very foolishly) by saying "Do you think that we could start a debating society?" There was silence,

and then one of them asked rather shyly "What do you do?" That alone taught me that I was barking up the wrong tree, and bit by bit it came out that they'd be too shy to "make proper speeches," so we ruled out a Debating Society.

"I'll tell you what they would like," said a young farmer, "and that's a Fireside Quiz." "What's that?" I asked in my turn, and was told "Oh, you do it just like the Brains Trust from the B.B.C., only anyone in the audience can make a few remarks when the Brains Trust has finished."

I saw that the point of this was that, while everyone got a chance to speak, no one need go on for more than a couple of minutes. "There's only one snag I can see," said I, "and that is how we can manage to get five or six suitable men for the Panel out here on a Winter evening."

That wasn't their idea at all. They wanted a local panel, and reeled off a list of suitable candidates. I was deputed to ask six. Five accepted at once, and the sixth provisionally on his billiards team not being away from home that night! It was, so he didn't come, but the other five did, and the panel consisted of two smallholders, a carpenter, a mechanic (late Guardsman) and the estate clerk.

From the first minute everything went splendidly. The Panel spoke briefly, wisely, and if they didn't know the answers said so. The audience contradicted the Panel and one another, and very obviously enjoyed the whole business—there were between 20 and 30 men present, and there will be more next time. As to the constitution of the audience it can be

said with meticulous accuracy that it represented a cross-section of our village community.

The questions were very carefully chosen so as to be within the intellectual orbit of an intelligent man who thought and who read his paper. Here are a few of them: Should women be paid the same wages as men for doing the same job? Does education make us happier? Would you rather have lived in your grandfather's time than to-day?

Here, it seems to me, is a technique which will work where a Debating Society or even a Discussion Group would fail, and if the questions are carefully chosen (and there is no reason why they should not be grouped round a central subject) the educational value of the Brains Trust is just as high. I believe, too, that if the idea gets started in a village it grows like a snowball. Our Youth Squad, for instance, is imitating its elders and arranging a Brains Trust for December. Its effort will probably take the form of a true Quiz, *i.e.* a general knowledge examination for competing teams of boys and girls, but there is little doubt that it will also try our way of doing it, the essence of which is that people on "the floor of the house" join in the discussion.

To me, at the end of the evening two conclusions stuck out with prominence. The first was that in any given small place there are more real thinkers than you imagine, for two members of the Panel thought with clean-cut logic and spoke with great clarity. The second was that it is such work as this that is alone likely to break down the cast-iron divisions into which village life and thought are separated.



1.—CULZEAN CASTLE FROM THE SEA SHORE

GENERAL EISENHOWER'S SCOTTISH HOME

CULZEAN CASTLE, Ayrshire

THE PROPERTY OF THE NATIONAL TRUST FOR SCOTLAND

Presented by the Marquess of Ailsa to the National Trust for Scotland which has given part of the Castle as a life residence to General Eisenhower. An old tower of the Kennedys was incorporated in the present romantic building between 1777 and 1790 from Robert Adam's designs.

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY



2.—THE GREAT ROUND TOWER

It contains the circular drawing-room on the first floor

THE MARQUESS OF AILSA has arranged to make over Culzean Castle, held by his ancestors time out of mind, to the National Trust for Scotland which is making a gift of a portion of the castle to General Eisenhower for his lifetime. Subsequently Culzean will serve as a National Guest House for Scotland. The recent announcement is doubly welcome. To most Britons it must have come as a surprise, as sudden as delightful, that the Supreme Commander is to have a home here. And the transfer of the property to the Trust ensures the preservation of one of the most remarkable great houses of Scotland, on a superb stretch of the Ayrshire coast.

Culzean, pronounced Cul-lane, is magnificently perched on rocks a hundred feet above the sea near Turnberry and Prestwick. The original castle, incorporated in the present buildings, was a subsidiary Kennedy stronghold to Dunure Castle, the ruins of which exist not far away. The name Kennedy is in the Gaelic *Ceannadach* connoting "headship," with the inference that the family inherited an old headship of the Pictish kingdom of Galloway. Fergus, Prince of Galloway, died in 1161 and left two sons, and his immediate descendants took the name of De Carrick, from the adjoining country, becoming in due course Earls of Carrick. Their castles of Turnberry, Dunure, Culzean, and the bairly of Carrick descended to the Kennedys, of whom the 1st Earl of Cassillis was killed at Flodden in 1513, and his son the 2nd Earl a few years later when trying to rescue James II from the Campbells. The 3rd Earl, captured as a young man by the English and educated by Cranmer in the reformed religion, figured prominently in the tragic glories of Mary Queen of Scots, and died at Dieppe, it was supposed by poison, in 1558. Of his sons, Sir Thomas of Culzean, knighted at the coronation of James VI, was murdered in 1602 by Kennedy of Drummurcleigh, after which the knights of Culzean succeeded in dying in their beds. In 1759, on the death of the 8th Earl of Cassillis, the title came, after a long dispute, to Sir Thomas Kennedy, 4th baronet of Culzean. It is to him and his brother, respectively the 9th and 10th Earls and both bachelors, that the reconstruction of the old castle is due in its Georgian romantic form.

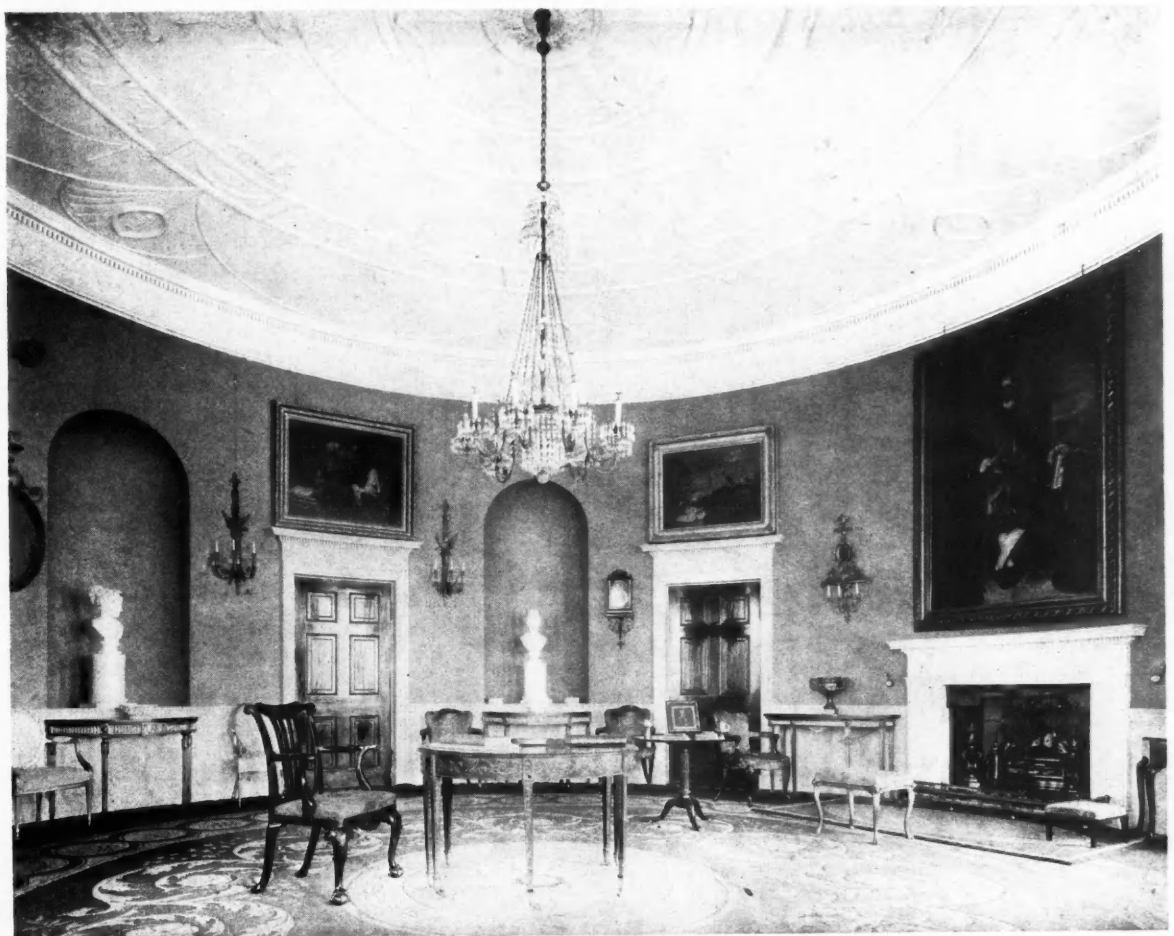
Robert Adam is so closely identified with the classical style of architecture and decoration that now bears his name that it is not generally realised how actively interested he was in the picturesque. Yet a number of highly romantic landscape drawings by him exist, of apparently imaginary castles perched on precipices and crags—recollections perhaps of his journey to Dalmatia to measure the palace of Diocletian at Split—which evidently



(Above) 3.—
LOOKING EAST-
WARD ALONG
THE COAST
FROM THE
ROUND TOWER

To the right are
the entrance court
and stables

(Right) 4.—
THE ROUND
DRAWING-
ROOM



express his reaction to the romantic tendencies of the time in decoration and landscape design, and particularly to the engravings of Piranesi. The late Arthur Bolton, in *The Architecture of Robert and James Adam*, shows how Robert Adam shared with Sir Joshua Reynolds an admiration for the pictorial elements in Vanbrugh's buildings. In his *Works* (1773) Adam defined this element as "Movement":

Movement is meant to express the rise and fall, the advance and recess with other diversity of form, in the different parts of a building so as to add greatly to the picturesqueness of the composition, for the rising and falling, advancing and receding . . . of the great parts have the same effect in architecture that hill and dale, foreground and distance . . . have in landscape; that is, they serve to produce an agreeable and diversified contour that groups and contrasts like a picture.

Particularly in his youth Adam made a practice of composing gigantic conceptions very similar to those of Vanbrugh which he gradually refined and pruned till they attained the elegant simplicity of his characteristic work.

It is of this picturesque approach to design that Culzean is the outstanding example among Adam's buildings—not of the later archaeological approach known as the "Gothic revival." There is nothing Gothic about Culzean, and writers who have sought in it any particular style have naturally been at a loss what to say. Adam set out to produce what we see: a dramatic, castle-like composition of masses, with towers and bastions



5.—"NORTH FRONT OF CULZEAN CASTLE, TOWARDS THE SEA, WITH THE NEW ADDITIONS PROPOSED FOR THE RT. HON. EARL OF CASSILLIS"

Adam drawing (May 1787?) at Sir John Soane's Museum

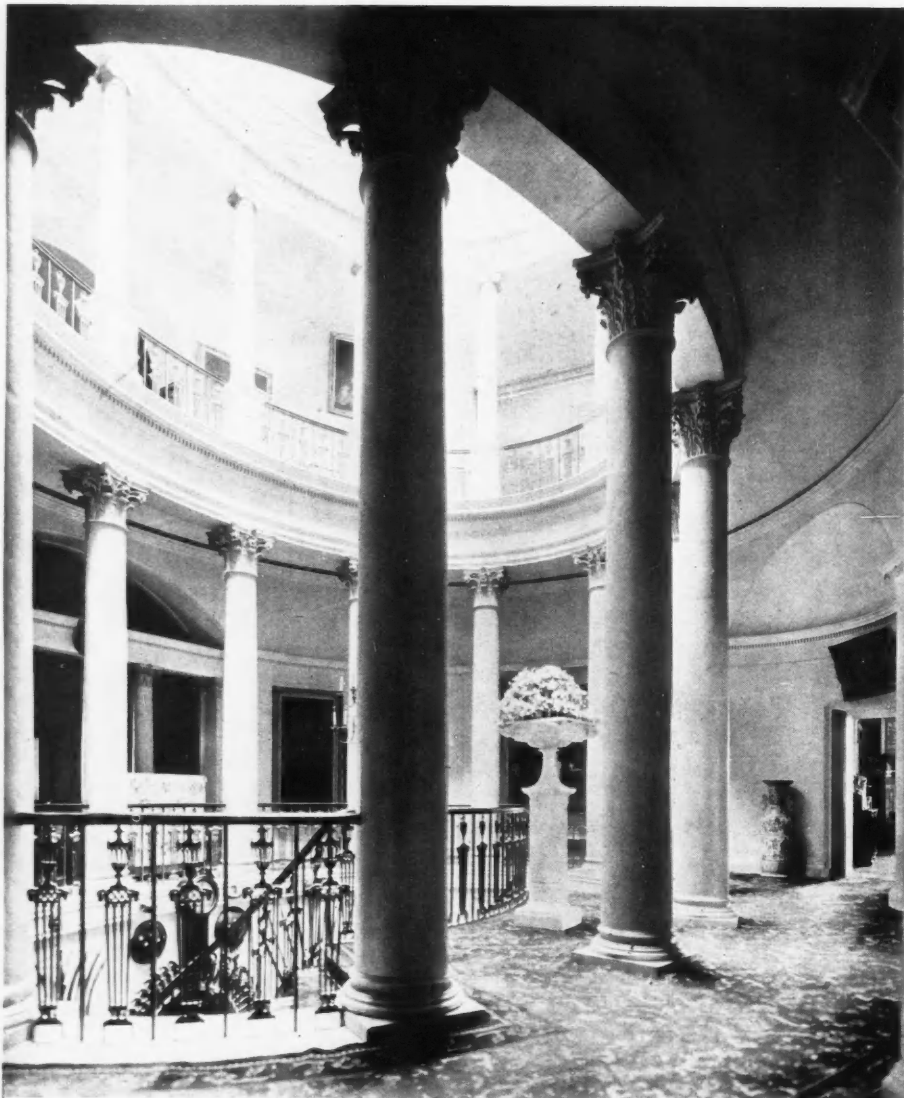
looming picturesquely out of their romantic setting or piled in exciting combinations above the ivy-clad ramparts of the fortified rock. The battlements and turrets derive from castles, but otherwise the external

details, and all the interior decoration, are in the classic language of the time.

Family tradition dates the beginning of the reconstruction of Culzean from 1777, in which case it must be due almost entirely to the younger of the two bachelor Earls, David who succeeded in 1775. Thenceforward work was continually in progress for 13 years, the last design, for the ceiling of the circular tower, being dated 1790. In the course of it, work already done was sometimes taken down to admit of improvements. The original keep or Peel Tower (shown black on the plan, (Fig. 7) was reconstructed first of all, with short wings added to either side and returned to the north. The principal rooms in it were the eating room (Fig. 9) facing south and the drawing-room over it (1779-82). Next, a long low range on the north side was erected, to which was added after 1787 the most impressive external feature—the great round tower on the centre of this north range (Fig. 2) with the rooms on either side of it, shown in Adam's drawing (Fig. 5). Finally the two parts were brought together internally by the superb device of the great oval staircase occupying the centre of the original castle (Fig. 6), to realise which involved the destruction of much of what had already been built.

This staircase is one of Adam's most monumental conceptions. Not only is there a dramatic effect of light and shade from the top lighting of the oval dome, but, by the apses on the south side at first-floor level and a screened vestibule on the north, a fine sense of space is obtained, in which the beautiful outlines of the wrought-iron balustrade can contrast with the feeling of solidity given by the columns and the oval form of the whole. The photograph of the circular drawing-room speaks for itself (Fig. 4). From the six round-headed seaward windows a gorgeous view is obtained up and down the coast, of the pinnacle of Ailsa Craig and the peaks of Arran opposite. The projection outwards of the huge bay corrects its northern aspect, as sunlight floods in by the eastern and western windows, before which a gallery supported on massive arches enables the glorious prospect to be more fully enjoyed. The room was furnished with a carpet made for it, echoing without repeating the design of the ceiling the design for which is preserved in the house.

While part of the castle will continue to be lived in by the donor's family, the main

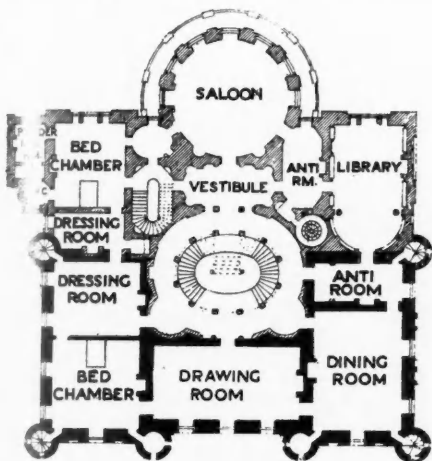


6.—THE OVAL STAIRCASE

central portion containing the staircase and state-rooms will be open to the public. Most of the very fine contemporary furniture, all the fittings including the mantelpieces and mirrors designed by Adam, and a number of valuable pictures and family relics of historical interest, are given with the house.

The spacious top flat of the central block, which has separate access, both by staircase and lift, is to be converted into a self-contained residence. This is for General Eisenhower's occupation whenever he is in Scotland or to be lent by him to whomsoever he wishes. Eventually this apartment will become a guest-house for distinguished visitors or persons who have rendered signal national service.

The entrance hall, on the east side, contains a remarkable armoury and notable models of ships. These were due to the successor of the bachelor 10th Earl, the bolder, who was followed on his death in 1722 by a descendant of the 3rd Earl of Cassilis, the Treasurer of Mary Queen of Scots. This was Captain Archibald Kennedy, who had been a gallant naval commander

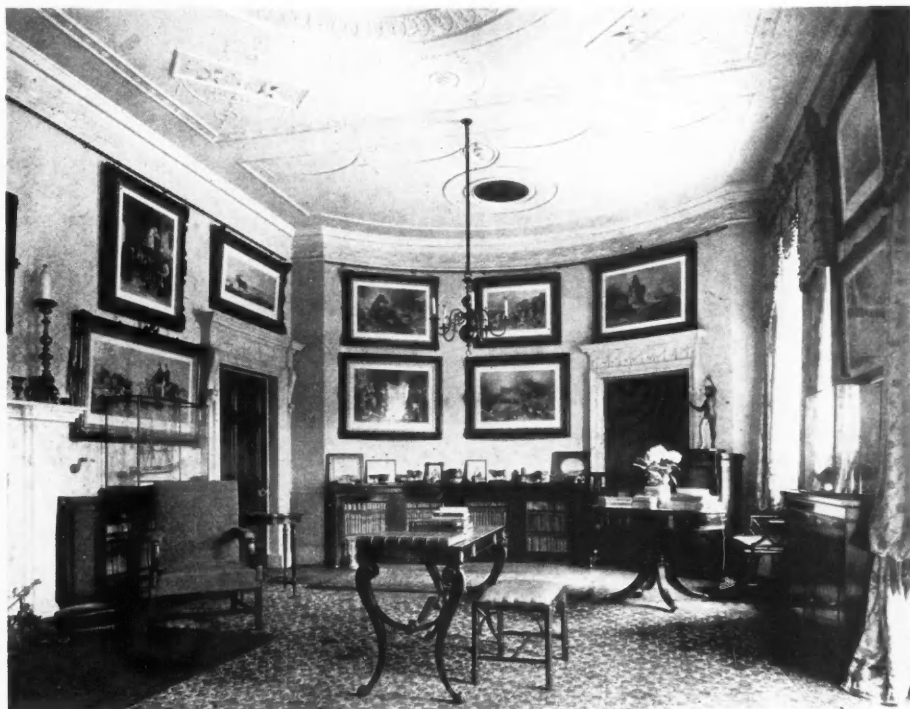


7.—FIRST-FLOOR PLAN OF MAIN BLOCK (THE TOP IS NORTH)

in the 1760s and had married, it is interesting to note in connection with Culzean's new laird, a Miss Katharine Schuyler of New York, and secondly a Miss Watts, also of that city. He was succeeded by a grandson by the second marriage, created Marquess of Ailsa in 1831. His grandson, the late Marquess, continued his forbear's close connection with the sea, being a noted yachtsman and an active member of the Institute of Naval Architects. His son, the present peer, succeeded him in 1938 and, having served in the South African and first German wars, has further earned Scotland's regard by giving the home of his ancestors to the National Trust. The great soldier who, it is to be hoped, will often and for long occupy Culzean, will find much else to attract him to the place. The policies adjoining are exceedingly romantic, with a drive approaching the castle rock by a dramatic viaduct, designed by Adam as an ancient ruin, a great Georgian barn, a nine-hole golf course, and 2,000 acres of first-class shooting. The gardens are set among glorious woods, with bastioned terraces and, in the other direction, a battery of guns installed in Napoleonic times against raids by Paul Jones. Several other more ancient cannon—one of them going back to Queen Anne's reign—diversify the surroundings, and may symbolize to General Eisenhower in an appropriately romantic way the undying admiration and friendship for him implanted in all Britons by these years of a more deadly warfare.



8.—THE SOUTH SIDE, FROM THE GARDEN



9.—"THE EATING ROOM"

On the ground floor beneath the drawing-room



10.—THE OLD SOUTH BATTERY

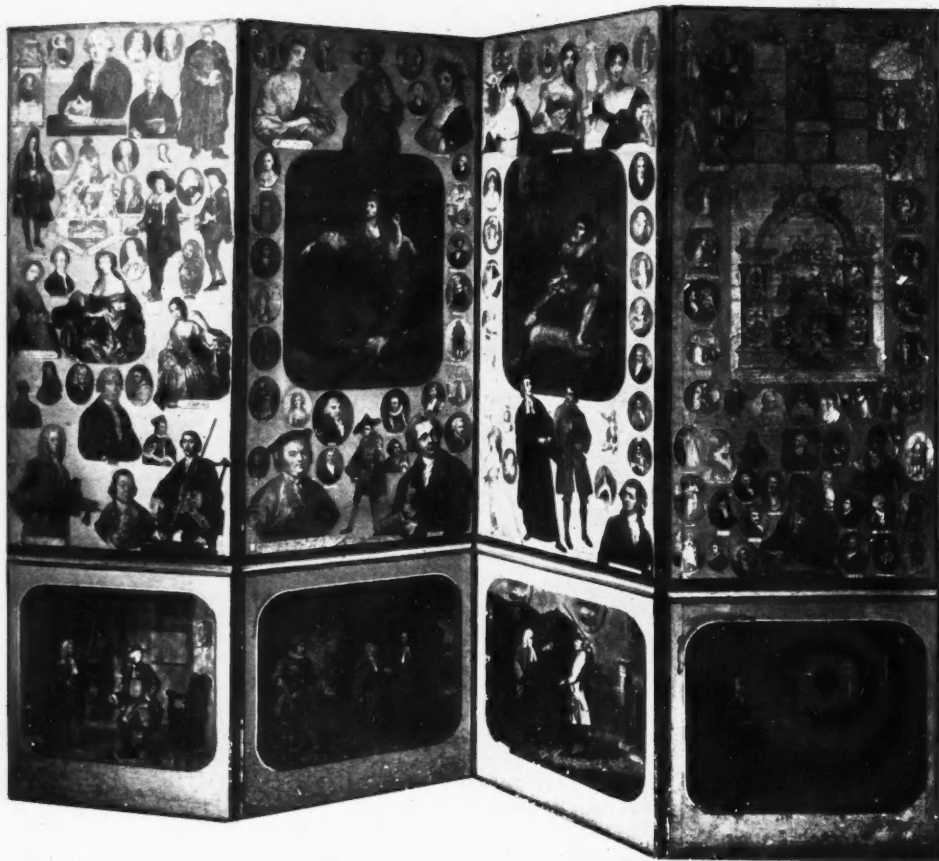
BYRON'S PICTORIAL SCREEN

ITS THEATRICAL
SIDE, WITH RECOL-
LECTIONS OF THE
REGENCY STAGE

By
H. CLIFFORD SMITH

1.—FOUR-FOLD SCREEN
DECORATED BY LORD
BYRON WITH THEATRICAL
PORTRAITS

At the bottom are four mezzo-
tint engravings of theatrical
scenes from paintings by Zoffany



AMONG the many treasures of literary interest preserved by Sir John Murray at his publishing house in Albemarle Street is a screen of four folds which belonged to Lord Byron (1788-1824), and was decorated by him in the manner shown by the accompanying photographs, of which Sir John Murray has been good enough to let me have the use.

The screen is something more than a pictorial curiosity. It is a fine example of the art, first practised in the eighteenth century, both by professional craftsmen and by amateurs, of pasting engravings cut out and arranged to form a decorative scheme upon the surface of screens or walls. It has value, above all, to-day as illustrating in a lively way a very human phase in Byron's life which the many published records of the poet mention but cursorily. It offers us a glimpse of Byron as a young man about town with boxing and theatre-going as two favourite pursuits.

The screen, six feet high, appears to have been decorated as a pastime, pursued, as occasion offered, from 1811 to 1814. On one side, the four folds of the screen are covered with portraits of boxing champions and scenes of historic pugilistic battles, cut from contemporary prints and books, and in this, we know, Byron had the help and expert guidance of his friend, John Jackson, the English champion. This was a straightforward memento of "battles long ago," which, for the moment, we accept as such.

The reverse side of the screen (Fig. 1) is more elaborate in arrangement, comprising as it does some hundred and fifty or more mezzotints or line engravings of actors and actresses of the period, besides many of the most notable players in the history of the English stage. Such an assembly must have taken care and patience to bring together. The prints are pasted on a grey painted background, apparently as space and fancy dictated but so as to produce an attractive effect. Most of the pictures have their engraved titles, but when these were missing Byron wrote in the names of the people portrayed as a guide to those less familiar than himself with the stars of the theatrical firmament.

To look at this screen with proper appreciation we must in fancy catch the echo of Byron's comments on some of the most famous of these bygone actors and actresses, the delight of his youth, and make ourselves participators in his enthusiasm for the theatre of his day, which was a constant source of relaxation from his domestic troubles, love intrigues and financial difficulties.

One has only to read Byron's letters written during this time—Byron's *Letters and Journals* (John Murray)—and note how they teem with quotations from current plays and allusions to the players of their chief characters, to appreciate how great a part theatre-going played in his life. He was a zealous playgoer and on the whole an appreciative one. He went to the play for enjoyment, to lose himself in following the fortunes or misfortunes of the characters represented by the mimes who amused and distracted him, and not in any sense as a critic. As Thomas Moore said, the theatre at this time was his favourite place of resort.

It gives animation to many of the pictures on the screen to hear what Byron has to tell us of his favourite players. The central figure on the third fold of the screen shows Edmund Kean as Richard III (Fig. 4). In February, 1814, Byron wrote, "Just returned from seeing Kean in Richard? By Jove, he is a soul! Life-nature-truth without exaggeration or diminution, Kemble's Hamlet is perfect; but Hamlet is not nature. Richard is a man; and Kean is Richard." To show his appreciation of Kean's great performance Byron presented a handsome sword and a richly-chased snuff box to the actor. These gifts were followed by one of a Turkish sword, after witnessing Kean as Sir Giles Overreach, when, such was the passionate energy of Kean's acting on Byron's mind, that "he was seized with a sort of convulsive fit." The actor himself was so exhausted after playing this character that his reaction was often accompanied by fits.

Fourteen of the parts in different plays sustained by Kean are shown in pictures at the top of the fourth fold of the screen. On one occasion he was Byron's guest at dinner, but, we learn, had to leave early to preside as chairman at a pugilists' supper party.

John Kemble, one of the finest actors of his day, deserves greater prominence than he enjoys on Byron's screen. He is shown in an oval, at the right-hand top corner of Kean's picture, which gives little idea of his handsome face and commanding figure. He was greatly admired by Byron, who in a letter written in 1811 said: "Last night I saw Kemble in *Coriolanus*; he was glorious and exerted himself wonderfully." In conversation, too, with Medwin, he declared: "Kemble did much towards the reform of the stage. Classical costume was almost unknown before he undertook to revise the dresses. Garrick used to act *Othello* in a red coat and epaulettes, and other characters had prescriptive habits equally ridiculous. I can conceive nothing equal to Kemble's *Coriolanus*." Later he was to remark, "Now that Kemble has left the stage who will endure *Coriolanus*?"

Of all actresses Byron reserved his greatest and most whole-hearted appreciation for Mrs. Siddons, whose portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds as the Tragic Muse has pride of place on the second fold of the screen (Fig. 3). In his estimate of some of the leading players he had seen Byron wrote in his journal: "Cooke was the most natural, Kemble the most supernatural, Kean the medium between the two. But Mrs. Siddons was worth them all put together." And again, "Lady Macbeth died with Mrs. Siddons."

G. F. Cooke, it may be said, was the star of the Dublin stage. He was equally successful in comedy and tragedy, whether as Iago, Shylock or Falstaff. He is shown on the screen in a small oval print below Mrs. Siddons, to the right. Mrs. Jordan, whose three-quarter-length figure appears in Fig. 4 on the left of the standing figures of Bannister and Parsons beneath Kean's picture, was an actress who became famous for her impersonation of Mrs. Hoyerden in Sheridan's *Trip to Scarborough*. This was a comedy part of a country girl who kept audiences in fits of laughter. Her high spirits were devastating, her comic sense irresistible. To say she made people laugh was to put it mildly. She made them roar. Her animal spirits were irrepressible. Byron saw her in company with his life-long friend John Cam Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton.

"Mrs. Jordon superlative in Hoyden" was his comment, "Jones well enough in Foppington. What plays! What wit!"

We gather from a letter Byron wrote to Thomas Moore that he had seen John Liston, one of the most famous comedians of his time, for he quotes part of a speech in *The Knight of Snowden* in which he played, which had a great success with his audiences: "Oh, woman! woman! deceitful, damnable, delightful woman! do all one can there's nothing else worth thinking of." He is shown full length in a small oval below the portrait of Kean.

Other famous figures of the English stage prior to Byron's time find a place upon the screen. In planning its lay-out the width of the folds would seem to have been determined by a set of four mezzotint engravings—forming a dais across the lower part of the screen—after paintings of theatrical scenes by Zoffany, two of which, on the outer folds, depict Samuel Foote as Major Sturgeon in the *Mayor of Gristol* and as The President in *The Devil upon Two Sticks*. The remaining two, upon the inner fold, show Bransby Parsons as Aesop in *Lethe* and Thomas King as Puff in *The Critic*.

The first fold (Fig. 2) opens, as it should, with two pictures of Shakespeare at the top left and corner—one his monument at Stratford-on-Avon. Beside him is Garrick, with his Westminster Abbey monument immediately below. On the left, in half-length, is Mrs. Margaret Woffington. At the bottom are Robert Wilkes (left) and Kegg in the character of Ignor Bumbasto. Above him is a half-length of Mrs. Oldfield.

A noticeable figure upon the second fold (Fig. 3) above Mrs. Siddons, to the right, is Mrs. Robinson as Perdita, with Mrs. Barry opposite. At the left corner are, below, John Harper in the character of Jobson in *The Devil to Pay*, and, opposite him, John Henderson with book in hand, and between them a full-length portrait of Woodward as The Fine Gentleman in *Lethe*.

The three female figures above Kean on



2.—FOLD I OF THE SCREEN. At the top: Shakespeare and Garrick. In the middle: the Comtesse de Grammont. On either side: Pegg Woffington (left) and Mrs. Oldfield



3.—FOLD II. In the middle: Mrs. Siddons as The Tragic Muse. Above: Mrs. Barry (left) and Mrs. Robinson as Perdita. Below: John Harper as Jobson in *The Devil to Pay*, Woodward in *Lethe* and John Henderson

fold number three (Fig. 4) are Mrs. Mountain (left), Miss Booth and Miss Duncan, and, among the other players not named before, John Bannister, the comedian, can be identified at the bottom right-hand corner.

The most notable of the pictures upon the fourth fold of the screen are those already mentioned of Edmund Kean in fourteen of his parts.

That Byron did not ask for his screen to be accepted as a complete and accurate picture gallery of the English stage may be assumed by his inclusion among the stage folk of Peter Lely's portrait of the Comtesse de Grammont, a beauty of Charles II's court, which appears in the centre of the first fold of the screen (Fig. 2). No, the screen must be considered primarily as illustrating a prevailing interest of his life during the years that went to its making, and as such is sufficiently illuminating.

In 1812 Byron had a more intimate association with the stage than that of a playgoer. The Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, built for Sheridan by Henry Holland in 1794, and destroyed in 1809 by fire, had been rebuilt and was to re-open. At the ceremony an Address to the Public was to be delivered and the writer of it was to be chosen in open competition. Byron was urged by some of his friends to compete for this honour, but he refused to do so. When all the addresses had been received, however, the judges decided that none was found worthy of the great occasion, and Byron was invited to supply the deficiency. This he consented to do, and produced a prologue which was spoken on the re-opening of the theatre by one of the popular actors of the day, Robert William Elliston. Unfortunately neither the prologue that Byron wrote nor the manner of its delivery met with public approval, but poet and player were to become associated again many years later. From 1819-26, Elliston was lessee of Drury Lane and during his tenure of office he produced Byron's *Marino Faliero*.

Byron's connection with Drury Lane did

not end with his prologue. In 1815, shortly after his marriage, he became a member of the theatre's committee of management, urged to do so, he said, by his friend Douglas Kinnaird. "I found the employment not over pleasant," he told Medwin, "and not a little dangerous, what with Irish authors and pretty poetesses."

During his years of play-going Byron could not overcome his desire to write a play, while bemoaning the fact that he had not a talent for the drama. That this wish was still uppermost in his mind when he went to Drury Lane may be gathered from his saying, many years later: "When I first entered upon theatrical affairs I had some idea of writing for the house myself." But he "could not condescend to the drudgery of the stage and enslave himself to the humour, the caprices, the taste or tastelessness of the age."

We can trace the story of this historic screen, which brings before us a comparatively little-known aspect of Byron's life. It opens in 1811, when the screen was beginning to take on the semblance of its pictorial form under the hand and paste-pot of its designer at 8, St. James's Street, where a year later he was to awake one day to find himself famous. The screen journeyed on with him to his rooms in 4, Bennet Street, St. James's, where he sojourned in 1813, and the work on it was presumably continued. He next took it with him to Albany, and in 1815—after his marriage—to 13, Piccadilly Terrace (as the houses between Park Lane and Hamilton Place were then named), and a year later it was delivered, through stress of circumstances, to a public auction room in Pall Mall, as the property of "A Nobleman about to leave England on a Tour," from which humiliating environment it was rescued by John Murray, his friend and publisher, and conveyed by him to its present home, 50, Albemarle Street, where it has since remained.



4.—FOLD III. In the middle: Edmund Kean as Richard III. Above: Mrs. Mountain (left), Miss Booth and Miss Duncan. Below: Mrs. Jordan and John Bannister, with Bannister and Parsons in *The Village Lawyer* in the middle

NEW CHAMPIONS FOR NEW COURSES

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

"WELL, ma'am," said little Mr. Chillip to Miss Trotwood, "we are—we are progressing slowly, ma'am." "Ya-a-ah," answered that formidable lady. I hope nobody will say "Yah" at the golfing authorities who really are progressing. Nothing very much can happen in Winter but plenty will, we may hope, happen when Spring comes round again. At any rate, the venues of the two Championships are fixed, the Open at St. Andrews and the Amateur at Birkdale. There is nothing new to be said about St. Andrews, which proved itself as good, nay better than ever at the *Daily Mail* tournament in September, and there could be nowhere so appropriate for a rebirth of Championship golf. Birkdale on the other hand breaks fresh ground. It was the scene of an English Championship just before the war, but now it has risen a step higher and it is entirely worthy to do so. It has all the necessary qualifications apart from the actual golf; plenty of room to stay at Southport, an ample and comfortable club-house and, if I may add a purely personal and greedy recollection, the best Lancashire cheese I ever ate.

I am ashamed to find that I remember that noble cheese more clearly than I do many of the individual holes on the course, but there is no doubt that the golf is fine, big golf in the best of natural country. I seem to remember thinking that some of the holes, having their greens running into the hills with heathery banks behind and on each side of them, had rather too strong a family likeness. I daresay I was wrong and in any case it is a small point. It is a long-driver's course, as no doubt championship courses ought to be, and yet it does not give them, I think, any overwhelming advantage, as neither Arnold Bentley, the winner of that English Championship, nor W. Sutton the runner-up are conspicuously big hitters. It is, as I recall it, a good course for the watcher, who can take plenty of short cuts, dodging here and there among the hills and so seeing plenty of variety for his money. In short it ought to fill the bill very well.

Some years ago it would have been said that Birkdale had now been added to the Championship "rota," but the rota is now a thing of the past; the small and select circle has been rightly enlarged. Still there is always an interest in a fresh course attaining to this highest honour, an honour incidentally which entails so much hard work on the club, and so much wear and tear from the crowds, that some clubs are no longer very anxious for it. The interest is the greater because, unless I am "wishfully" misreading golfing history, a new course has often provided a new and exciting winner. The records of the Open Championship do not give any evidence of this in its early stages, because there were no new courses. Prestwick was the exclusive home of the competition for the Champion Belt from 1860 to 1870, when it passed into the possession of the famous Young Tommy who had won it three times running. Then when the Cup was instituted, after a year's interval, in 1872 the competition settled down to a regular rota of Prestwick, St. Andrews, Musselburgh, which lasted till 1891. Then, however, came something in the nature of a revolution; it was the turn of the Honourable Company and they resolved to take the Championship away from historic Musselburgh, something fallen from its old estate, to their new, private course at Muirfield. The fat was now in the fire and there ensued a dispute of which I remember reading at the time as an enthralled schoolboy and of which I have lately renewed my memories in the almost impassioned pages of *The Golfing Annual*. The town of Musselburgh rose in arms and advertised a professional tournament to be

played there for larger prizes than those given in the Championship. Moreover they advertised it for exactly the days on which the Championship was to be held. There were appeals and counter-appeals; neither side would budge, and then the Honourable Company considerably increased their offer of prize money. Thereupon Musselburgh gave way, preening itself that its action had been taken on the professionals' behalf and had attained its end. If that was a victory at all it was a Pyrrhic one, for never again was a championship played at Musselburgh.

Apart from these preliminary excursions and alarms, that was a novel and dramatic championship. For one thing 72 holes were for the first time played instead of 36, and for another it was won by an amateur and an Englishman, Harold Hilton. The double shock to Scotland and the professionals was not wholly new, since John Ball had administered a similar one at Prestwick two years before, but this was a rubbing of it in. It was altogether an amateurs' championship, for Horace Hutchinson led at the end of the first day and, when he dropped away rather sadly on the second, along came Hilton to win with John Ball tying for second place. And the winner had only got his father's grudging leave to take a holiday two days before. He had travelled up by the night train and then played three rounds on the one day left for practice—a course of preparation decidedly out of the normal.

Yes, that was certainly an exciting championship, producing a new and exciting winner, and so was that of 1894. Fresh ground was again broken; an English course, Sandwich, was chosen for the first time and it produced a fresh winner. "We were all new once, sir," said William Beldham the cricketer, then an aged man, when Mr. Pycroft mildly chafed him for having played for the new players against the old. Taylor won many things after that, but he was new then. He had astonished the golfing world the year before by a brilliant first round and had then fallen away. This time there was no thought of a breakdown; he was winning

all the way, and at the end a new planet had definitely swum into the golfer's ken.

There was another new course in the next year but one, for the ring fence was further broken down and Hoylake, long since a home of the Amateur, got its first Open Championship. This time I cannot say there was a new winner, but what a thrilling one! Harold Hilton did it again. His previous win had been rather discounted as a fluke, on the ground that Muirfield was new and short and rough, all of which statements were then no doubt true. Well, now he had given his proofs. There have been several fresh courses since then. First came Deal where Taylor won, and that had long ceased to be anything like a novelty; but then with Havers, St. Anne's with Bobby Jones, Carnoustie with Armour and Princes, Sandwich, with Sarazen all produced winners who had never done it before; so I think I have made my point reasonably good.

Now turn for a moment to the Amateur Championship and I can still make out a reasonably good case. Hoylake, Prestwick and St. Andrews constituted a rota for the first eleven years of its existence. Then came Sandwich's first turn and with it a new winner and a very illustrious one, Freddy Tait. He was a new but far from unexpected winner, but the next year, 1897, saw a fresh course, Muirfield, and as unexpected a victor as was ever known, A. J. T. Allan. He died all too young before the next championship came to be played and nobody quite knows how good he was, but he was certainly exciting. Westward Ho! was the next, and if the winner was not new (John Ball won for the eighth time) at any rate his match with Abe Mitchell was and will always remain one of the classic finals. Finally, Deal with its first turn produced Roger Wethered, and Troon the most cheerful of American conquerors, Charlie Yates. Altogether, if past history may be taken as a precedent, there seems every chance of somebody new bursting on the world next Spring at Birkdale. I must have quoted before an old uncle of mine who remarked pensively "Forty years do make some odds in a girl." Similarly seven years make some odds in a golfer. So now is the chance for insurgent youth.

COUNTRY GAMES By WALLACE ARTER

A FEW nights after the lifting of the black-out I noticed a tiny light winking along the lane which leads from the village. It disappeared, but a few moments later feet came pounding towards me and I could hear laboured breathing. Then, from the other end of the lane, came a shout: "Jack, Jack—show a light!" At once, almost under my nose, the light winked again. Some of the village boys had revived the old game

which some of us feared had disappeared for good.

"Jack, Jack—show a light" is one of the many varieties of "Tag." Many of us played it with candle-ends in home-made lanterns, years ago. Now, it seems, the boys of to-day play the same old game with electric torches—but the game is the same.

I wonder how many of the old country games have died? Even thirty-five years ago



PLAYING MARBLES AND WHIPPING TOPS



COUNTRY CRICKET



BOWLING HOOPS



VILLAGE FOOTBALL

they were dying as cricket and football teams became common even in the small villages, and the cheapness of balls and other sports gear between the wars did much to stamp out the earlier games played with make-shift equipment, or with no equipment at all.

Leap-frog, for instance, became a school lesson instead of a game and the somewhat dangerous variation, known in this part as "one-two-three—Rice!" was frowned out of existence. In this game one "man" stood leaning against a wall or tree while the others in turn leap-frogged on to his back and then fell into line until they had formed a human vaulting-horse on to which the remaining players sprang!

Hide-and-seek was always popular among country children, and extremely unpopular among their elders, for excited boys and girls are apt to pick unsuitable hide-holes and to be careless with gates and hedges! This game had its local varieties. In my own village "Pop-home" was as regular a seasonal sport as hoops,



LEAP-FROG

tops and marbles. It was a blend of hide-and-seek and tag, the player "out" having not only to hide but to run for "home" when challenged.

Hoops! Modern traffic conditions, even in isolated villages, seem to have killed the hoop,

and the boy who would spin a "window-breaker," and play marbles in the street nowadays would probably get the trouble he asked for.

Even cricket had its rural counterpart among those to whom leather balls, willow bats, and real pitches were out of the question. We played "fodger," with a shallow hole in the ground for a "wicket" and a "tip-cat" for a ball.

And tip-cat itself was a game of skill, almost as dangerous to windows and green-houses as the tops we used to send screeching through the air.

Cheap transport, organised school games, inexpensive balls, "ready-made" sport, and the cinema have, between them, killed most of the old country games which amused earlier generations. Most of them have gone for good. But I, for one, was glad to hear the almost forgotten hail of "Jack, Jack, show a light!" and to see the answering gleam at the end of the lane.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE LAST OF VAUXHALL GARDENS

SIR,—Of great interest is your article on Vauxhall Gardens in one of the recent issues of COUNTRY LIFE. You may not know that on the last night they were open in 1859 a party of young linked men arms and completely smashed the buildings by sheer weight of impact! It now seems to have been a stupid amusement, but my father always spoke of it with glee. He was then 18 and had just joined his regiment, the 18th Hussars. I fancy many young officers were amid this crowd. —SYBIL MALET, 98, Osborne Road, Windsor, Berkshire.

PRESERVATION OF HISTORICAL MONUMENTS

From Lord Methuen.

SIR,—I would be glad if you would allow me to correct an inexcusable error I made in my article on Historical Monuments in your issue of November 16 where I mentioned that the French Government owned Church property 100 years ago. Actually of course they did not confiscate Church property until 1905, as I should well remember, as I was staying in France at the time.

Otherwise the general sense of the sentence might stand, but I should add that it was largely due to the activities of such men as Viollet-le-Duc and Merimee, who by drawing attention to the beauty of French mediaeval Historical Monuments, were instrumental in helping to create the *services des edifices diocesanes et des Monuments Historiques*.

We may not all admire Viollet-le-Duc's work and he may have made mistakes; but at any rate the French owe him much for resuscitating interest in their then neglected historical monuments. —METHUEN, Corsham Court, Wiltshire.

A SQUIRREL WITH A TOADSTOOL

SIR,—In a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE I note in Correspondence the

letter on *A Squirrel with a Toadstool*, and it reminded me of a strange thing I saw while walking through the wood at Shirlett in South Shropshire (said to be the Shirlett Forest of *Domesday Book*, but I have never been able to prove this), where from time to time we went to see to our pump from which we got an A.I. water supply.

On one of the days, I stood still and wondered what was happening, for a little way in front of me I saw a very large (almost 6 ins. in diameter), very white looking thing bobbing about on the ground. I remained still, and then the bobbing-about stopped and the thing I saw took the obvious appearance of a very large and, for its kind, a very white toadstool. It still went along somewhat unsteadily among a host of both dead and live bracken shoots and leaves, and then I saw what it was, a red squirrel—the grey ones were not about—doing its best to get along holding a very large, flat, almost pure white toadstool tinted with pink, in its jaws.

I think the squirrel then had a view of me from under its very large canopy, for it, as rapidly as it could, made for the nearest tree and at once, as is so uncannily always the case, got round to the opposite side of the tree out of sight.

I passed on and, turning slightly, saw it squatting at the base, almost out of sight but still in possession of its treasure.

The local gamekeeper told me later that the squirrels certainly did eat a very great many of the large toadstools so often found at the base of old trees. —F. H. PEARCE, 10, Cumnor Hill, Oxford.

CROSS-BILLS

SIR,—The letter as to a gros beak, in a recent issue, was of great interest to me, as, in the year 1939, a number of cross-bills were frequenting this garden, feeding in some very tall old larches, of which the branches are scanty, but which bear a considerable quantity of cones. We have a small rough-hewn stone near the house con-

taining a hollow which we keep filled with water, and which is most popular with all birds for bathing and drinking. These cross-bills came to it frequently, and I think the sight I saw one morning from the kitchen window was unique, viz. 3 cross-bills on it at the same time, one bright green, one a vivid claret and maroon, and the third a brilliant coral colour (see Morris, Vol. III). They were in such wonderful plumage that any darker or duller markings were quite subservient. We had a good view of all the birds in the larches constantly as they were quite near the house. We heard of others at West Ella, near Hull. —BLANCHE HALL, Ryeland Hill, South Cave, East Yorkshire.

ORIENTAL RUGS OF GERMAN MAKE

SIR,—The most superficial knowledge of Oriental rugs renders it easy to distinguish between them and German or any other factory-made rugs. In the Oriental rug the whole design appears on the back of the rug as well as on the front. This is due to the manner in which each strand of pile is hand-knotted round every two threads of warp in the case of piled rugs, and that in which the weft is interwoven with the warp in pileless rugs: Soumaks and kilims.

This applies as much to recently made Oriental rugs which are all hand-made even although, unfortunately, mostly under commercial direction and for the purpose of sale in Europe and America, as to the older and more interesting rugs in the making of which no such ideas were present. In the case of the older rugs which have been subjected to very long and hard usage, the design on the back may not appear quite so clearly owing to the gradual wearing down of the backs of the knots.

This country during the years 1930 to 1940 was a rug connoisseur's paradise, as probably never before had prices been so absurdly low or such a vast quantity of rugs of every Oriental

make and every degree of quality been on the market. —H. S. WILSON, Travellers' Club, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

A BEE IN KENSINGTON

SIR,—Is it not likely that the South Kensington bee came into town inside an omnibus or other means of transport?

I have frequently released hive bees, and occasionally humble bees, from the tops of London buses.

Several humble bees at a time visited my loganberry and honeysuckle this year. I am just about three miles from South Kensington Station.

Clapham Common and Wandsworth Common would give negative nesting results, but Tooting Common might offer a site or two (though this is doubtful); while Wimbledon Common and Mitcham Common are each within three or four miles, surely not too far for a foraging bee. —RANSON COWLISHAW, 120, Wakehurst Road, Clapham Common, S.W.11.

LIMING OF FISHPONDS

SIR,—Although I know nothing of fishing from personal experience, I may be able to add something useful to your notes on liming of fishponds and trout streams. Unslaked lime is alkaline and it is understandable that its direct addition—except in exact quantities sufficient to neutralise the acidity of peaty waters—should provoke serious trouble. A perfectly safe way of providing acid waters with sufficient lime would be to dump boulders, blocks, or gravel of limestone into the stream above the pond or dam enclosing the pond. The more rapid the stream, the longer it should run over limestone (I cannot prescribe detailed conditions, but the obvious test is the acidity or neutrality of the water entering the pond).

Lime or limestone (or calcium in any other form) will not by itself promote the growth of fish if other nutrients are lacking. The well-being of fish depends largely upon the

presence of plants—possibly microscopic ones—in the water. Hence it is understandable that the manuring of fishponds follows broadly the same lines as the manuring of soil. After neutralising the acidity, if that is necessary, try adding superphosphate at the rate of a couple of hundred-weight per acre of pond per annum. The growth of fish food after addition of plant nutrients often appears to be spontaneous. Lime may also be added in the form of ground chalk or carbonate of lime, directly to the water in the pond; an excess can do little or no harm. The super. provides additional calcium, as well as the very important phosphate. — *Priscis Austrinus.*

SEWELL OF RADLEY

SIR,—Mr. L. G. G. Ramsey's letter about the reredos at Radley reminds



SNAKE-HUNTING WITH A BULL-DOZER

See letter: *Novel Snake Hunting*

me of a story told to me by A. C. Benson twenty years ago when I was at Magdalene. He attributed it to Stevens the Founder of Bradfield but I feel certain that, if it is true at all, it should be attributed to Sewell. The story was that the Founder read an advertisement of sale of some carvings from a demolished Spanish castle and, thinking that they might be used to beautify the college, at once sent a cheque for £500 and ordered them to be delivered, without further enquiry. When they arrived they proved to be of such excessive indecency that the purchaser considered them to be not only unsuitable for the college but much too wicked to be allowed to exist at all. They were therefore burned to ashes.

Neither Stevens nor Sewell was renowned for financial wisdom and both would have been outraged by impropriety, but Stevens never went in for buying up beautiful antiquities for Bradfield as Sewell did for Radley and the story has a Sewell-ish rather than a Stevensian ring about it.—*J. E. H. BLACKIE, 17, Spinney Road, Northenden, Manchester.*

A SUSSEX CHURCH

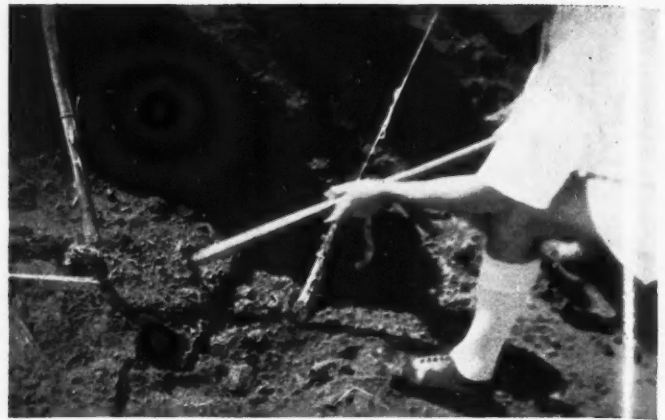
SIR,—A few miles west of the Petworth to Northchapel road, in Sussex, is the pretty village of Lurgashall. Situated on a well-wooded knoll is its interesting church, which has traces of Saxon work. A curious addition made in the seventeenth century which is unique, at least among Sussex churches, is a wooden cloister or gallery, roofed with Horsham tiles, which runs along the south wall.

It is said to have been built to enable distant parishioners to eat their lunch in shelter.—*A. E. ELCOME, Horsell, Woking, Surrey.*

NOVEL SNAKE HUNTING

SIR,—An account of a cobra hunt by bull-dozer may be of interest to some of your readers.

The progress of Naval construction in one of the up-country stations in Ceylon was held up by the disinclination of the coolies to work in an area where one of them claimed to have seen a cobra disappearing into a disused termite ant-hill. It seemed unlikely that it could be other than the harmless rat-snake, as the record length for the Ceylon cobra is 6 feet 10½ inches and this snake was said to be between eight and ten feet long. Furthermore, all snakes, even the most innocuous, are usually identified by the indigenous as being either cobras or tic polongas (Russel's viper). Two days later, however, the workmen maintained that a bullock had died suddenly while grazing near the ant-hill. As the majority of the coolies



THE POLES AND NOOSES GET TO WORK

See letter: *Novel Snake Hunting*

round it. By digging the sand with the poles seven coils were secured before the head finally emerged. It was a female cobra and was but five feet long. We never found its mate.—*W. E. KERSHAW (Surgeon Lieutenant Commander R.N.V.R.), Diyatalawa, Ceylon.*

APPULDURCOMBE HOUSE

SIR,—Mr. H. L. Baxendale's letter in a recent issue came as a great shock to me and contains information which, in the best interests of the Army and the country generally, calls for further explanation.

Appuldurcombe House was never requisitioned by the Army during the present war. It was surveyed by me in September, 1940, and at that time my report stated that it was in an advanced state of decay. The roof was leaking badly and the main timbers suffering from dry rot. The front porch had collapsed, probably owing to the excessive weight of its lead covering on rotten timber and decaying stonework. Portions of the balustrading and many of the ornamental vases had already suffered from vandals long before any member of the armed Forces approached the building, and the property suffered still further long after the Army left the neighbourhood.

After a bomb had dropped in the vicinity and caused considerable superficial damage, no first aid or other repairs were carried out.

Portions of the grounds were, it is true, used as a military camp and for vehicle standings; but from my own personal knowledge the Army authorities appreciated the architectural magnificence and interest of the place and did everything in their power to prevent damage during their stay in the neighbourhood.

May I ask your correspondent (a) if he knows how much was spent

A FUTURE FOR GREAT HOUSES

SIR,—A suggestion as to how to solve the problem of the large country mansion would be to follow the lead of our late kings and queens in converting unwanted palaces such as Hampton Court and Kensington Palace into fair-rented apartments for distinguished men and women who had served the country well. This would be a democratic and happy ending of the now out-of-date system of colossal houses for single families.—*DOROTHY RODDICK, Clanfield, Oxfordshire.*

GERMANS ON THE LAND

From the Duke of Bedford.

SIR,—I am sorry to find COUNTRY LIFE supporting the continued use, long after the war has ended, of what is unpleasantly like German "slave" labour. We seem to have forgotten our early indignation at the Nazi Government's deportation of the citizens of the occupied countries to work in Germany during the war and, if victory had gone to our late enemies, I wonder what our feelings would have been if our men had been kept labouring in a foreign land more than a year after hostilities had ceased? Almost the only good feature of this sorry business is that it teaches some of our civilians at home that, notwithstanding Press hate propaganda, the average German is a normal human being and even an excellent worker. One wishes that these facts might induce the authorities to see that prisoners were properly fed; were allowed facilities for keeping in touch with their families on the Continent; and were guarded in all cases by men who set an example of the best traditions of the British Army.—*BEDFORD, Froxfield House, Wotton, Bletchley.*

[We shall continue to support the use of German labour on the land as long as many thousands of our own workers are engaged in restoring order in Germany. What the Duke of Bedford regards as "unpleasantly like slave labour" we regard as a just form of reparation for the death of some 20 million innocent men, women and children, brought about by German aggression. As for our treatment of the prisoners, we believe that generally speaking they have been fed as well as our food stocks permitted, that they have not been denied facilities for communicating with their families where this was possible, and that our arrangements for guarding them while at work have been unusually lenient.]



A CLOISTER FOR LUNCHING IN

See letter: *A Sussex Church*

indeed, most of those we have seen were not guarded at all.—ED.]

FOX-HUNTING PICTURES BY J. F. HERRING, SEN.

SIR,—A bequest of antique furniture, etc., and old sporting prints and hunting pictures was recently received under the will of the late Mrs. A. F. Jennings of Torquay, by the Christchurch Museum and Art Gallery. It includes several important paintings by J. F. Herring, sen., among which is a large hunting-field subject believed to represent Jonathan Carter, a relative of Mr. Jennings, riding with hounds. It is signed and dated 1831. There is also a set of six small hunt subjects, three of which are signed J. F. Herring, 1831. The others are unsigned but are so close in character to the others that it is likely that they are copies by a very skilled hand of originals in some other collection. It has been recalled that Mrs. Jennings referred to these pictures, stating that the original set had been dispersed, her husband having some, the remainder being in the possession of a nobleman whose name has not been recorded in her papers. Her information as far as it can be recalled, was that an arrangement had been come to between the two owners whereby the complete set was shared between them, and it appears likely that copies were made to replace the items missing in the respective series. It is possible that the other set may still be in existence and if so any information on the history of the arrangement, especially as to the artist who exe-



GRACE BEFORE MEAT

See letter: A Gratefull Dunnock

Basutoland, where it is necessary to wear fur even when cooking.—M. L., N.W.5.

THE ART OF STREET GARDENING

SIR,—The article published in your issue of November 9, *The Art of Street Gardening* by John Codrington, contains a reference to my Association which requires clarification. Colonel Codrington, who is a member of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association (although not of long standing), should be aware that we are keenly interested in the wider aspects of urban planning: and the statement "it does not concern itself with the architectural surroundings of any given space" is not strictly accurate. In laying out a garden in a Georgian square we should certainly concern ourselves with the architectural surroundings. We admit, frankly, however, that we should not necessarily plant scarlet geraniums and royal blue lobelias where the surrounding architecture was mid-Victorian, although such planting would probably be in character with the ideas of the builders.

The greater part of Colonel Codrington's article deals with window-box and tub planting for streets, a matter which concerns the London Gardens Society rather than the M.P.G.A. My Association exists mainly for the purpose of creating and preserving open spaces for the benefit of the public; particularly in poor and congested areas. We do not normal-

ly maintain such open spaces, except in cases where the local authority is unable to take on the work; or, in the case of churchyard gardens, where the grounds are privately owned and at the same time made available to the public. We are also concerned with propaganda work to secure the maximum of beauty by the use of appropriate flowering trees and shrubs in urban and built-up areas, whether for street planting or in parks and gardens.

I shall be grateful if you will give publicity to this letter, as it is clear that, I am sure inadvertently, Colonel Codrington has created a false impression of the activities of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association.

—MARGARET ELIOT (Acting Secretary), *The Metropolitan Public Gardens Association*, 20, Denison House, 296, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

A GRATEFULL DUNNOCK

SIR,—During the last two nesting seasons a cock hedge-sparrow, or dunnoek as I was brought up to call it, has developed an attractive habit. This bird regularly visits places in my garden where I have put down food, but before descending to the ground to search diligently for the microscopic bits and pieces, that seem to form the diet of this species, it always sings a short snatch of song, or grace before meals. Unless driven off by other birds, it almost as often hops on a near-by branch and sings another short pean before departing. This incident is repeated many times a day and has caused a good deal of interest and amusement among my friends. I enclose a photograph of the bird in full song just before it dropped the few inches to where the food was scattered.—M. S. W., *Orrest Foot, Windermere, Westmorland*.

STONE PORTRAITURE AT BEVERLEY

SIR,—The musical instrument illustrated in your issue of November 16 over the title *The Organist* is not intended, I think, either for a piano-accordion or for a portable organ, but for a symphony. In this instrument strings were made to vibrate by a rosined wheel turned by a handle with the left hand, while they were stopped by keys worked with the right hand. The instrument superseded the much larger organistrum which required two people to work it. The symphony in its later age was called a hurdy-gurdy, a name that was still later applied to a street organ. Symphonies played by angels may be seen in the roofs at Tewkesbury and Gloucester, and they are frequently depicted in mediaeval manuscripts.—C. J. P. CAVE, *Stoner Hill, Petersfield, Hampshire*.

YORKSHIRE HOUR-GLASS

SIR,—A correspondent's recent letter on an interesting hour-glass reminds me of a lovely one I saw, a few months

ago, at Croft Church, near Darlington. I enclose a photograph of it. The glass itself is modern, I understand, but the stand and the finely ornamented frame are of 17th-century workmanship. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson lived here as a boy, his father was Rector.—G. B. WOOD, *Leeds*.

HOUSING AND PLANNING

SIR,—May I trespass on your columns to urge a point of view seldom considered in any of the schemes for rebuilding and planning? Our houses and our surroundings are surely among the most important features of our lives, and yet scarcely a word is said as to their suitability from the point of view of beauty. We are to be given all the advantages of this century, such as electricity, central heating, modern kitchen appliances and the thousand and one items so constantly put forward as the acme of perfection in the house. We are to be given bus services, artificial amusement and, of course, even better wireless. But what about the design of these things? I have yet to see a design for prefabricated houses in which the planner appears to have considered anything but utility. I have yet to hear of an invention for suppressing the appalling noise of the internal combustion engine, or an Act of Parliament to control the nerve-wrecking din of unrestricted wireless. So far our National schemes for planning are ill-advised and short-sighted.

Are we not able in this age of vision and progress to cast one backward glance and see for ourselves some of the advantages of pleasing design, and less speed and noise, that our predecessors enjoyed? Have we sunk so low that the grace and art of living have now to be taught in pamphlets labelled "How to Live," "How to Eat," "What to Wear," etc.? This is a dreadful commentary on our intelligence, though I do not believe that we are such numbskulls as our legislators attempt to make out. Apathy is much more likely the root cause of this blind acceptance of what they offer. Let us therefore give more thought and action to our own future. Let us insist that we have the right planning and when we insist let us draw upon the vast and invaluable



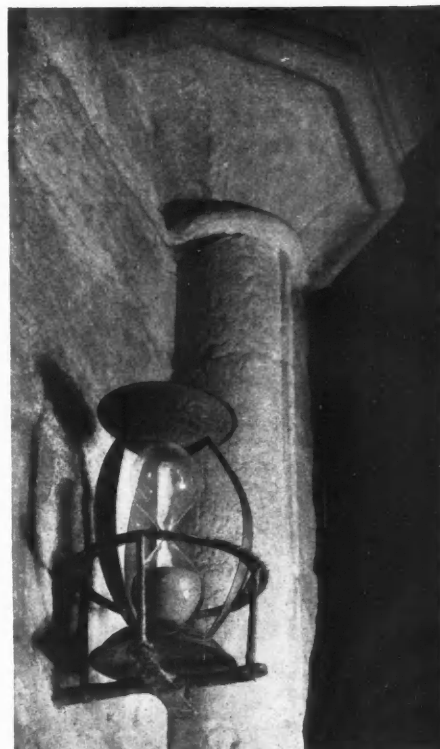
COOKING IN FURS

See letter: From Basutoland

cuted the copies, would be gratefully received by the writer. The set should be easily recognisable, the first picture showing three huntsmen by a milestone marked Bury VII, London 75. In the distance is a large residence and the hounds approaching over an open common.—G. MAYNARD (Curator), *Sussex Corporation Museum and Art Gallery*.

FROM BASUTOLAND

SIR,—The Basuto woman in my photograph is grinding wheat for making bread between two stones. She is a native of Madibamatso, one of the highest mountain villages in



A FINE HOUR-GLASS FRAME AT CROFT

See letter: A Yorkshire Hour-Glass

experience that lies behind us as well as using the obvious advantages which modern industry can offer. If we are to build houses in their thousands, their very quantity demands the most careful thought and selection of style. Compare then the Great West Road and its fringe of monstrous villas, with any small country house built between the years 1750 and 1850. Square built, æsthetically pleasing little houses and soundly planned inside, the latter are homes of quality and substance. Surely there is no reason why this type of house cannot be built by modern methods as quickly and as

I have waited to write for eight weeks to see if there was a recurrence but she is still perfectly well. I feel all dog owners should know of this cure.—**ETHEL CASE, Hazelbury Bryan Rectory, Sturminster Newton, Dorset.**

PHEASANT INTO TRAIN

SIR,—Your readers may be interested to hear of an unusual occurrence a few days ago, when I was returning from home leave.

Our train was stopped by a signal in a remote corner of Holland, and I was standing in the corridor, idly

to make it worth while wringing his neck, we let him go.

It was a beautiful sunny day, with no wind, and I can think of no reason why a bird should dive into a stationary train like this; it seemed just sheer absent-mindedness.—**W. R. HURRY (Captain), 404 Works Section, R.E., B.A.O.R.**

IN A HEREFORD CHURCH

SIR,—I send you a photograph of another church shelf for charity bread. This is in All Saints', Hereford, fixed to the wall of the north aisle. It is of oak and bears the coat of arms of the donor, and this inscription: The Gift of G Phillips and A Martin A.D. 1683.—**M. W., Hereford.**

A PRECIOUS POPLAR TREE

SIR,—Mr. C. B. Kingdon, who died at Stamford Hill, Stratton, North Cornwall, in 1928, aged 95 years, was the son of Dr. Kingdon who rebuilt Broomhill House in North Cornwall in the year 1825.

Twelve years later he built Stamford Hill House. One day he was walking by the river Strat with a somewhat green walking-stick which he stuck in the ground in a meadow just a little north-east, below Stamford Hill House. Some time later, when passing the spot, he saw that it had taken root and was shooting little branches. He let it remain to grow and it is now a fine tree. Mr. C. B. Kingdon told me these facts about the year 1927 and was very proud of the tree which had grown from his father's walking-stick. It is a poplar tree and can still be seen there. In August, 1938, its height was 130 feet, size round 2 feet up from the ground 14 feet 10 inches. Mr. Kingdon would not have it pruned or interfered with under any circumstances, but



FOR CHARITY BREAD

See letter: In a Hereford Church

some years later during a terrific storm many of its branches were broken off with the wind and weather and it is now in a rather dilapidated state.—**T. HEARD, Trelawney, Stratton, near Bude, North Cornwall.**

WELSH KITE IN SOMERSET

SIR,—To the best of my knowledge and belief I saw a kite (*Milvus milvus* Linn.) on the Polden Hills near here on October 8. Unfortunately I did not get a clear view of the tail, but the bird was in every respect identical in appearance and flight with the common African kite (*Milvus migrans* Bodd.), with which I am so familiar, save that it was redder. It was being mobbed by rooks. I first saw it at quite close quarters, and watched it until it was out of sight.—**I. R. P. HESLOP, Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset.**

[As the few surviving pairs of Welsh kites have done a little better during the past two seasons and reared some young ones, it is quite possible a juvenile or two may have gone "on tour," for young birds of prey tend to wander in the Autumn.—**ED.**]

STOATS AND WEASELS

SIR,—In a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE Major Jarvis writes of a pair of useful weasels. I also have a weasel which I believe and hope deals with the mice which do much damage in this garden. However, like the human race, individuals differ in character. Some years ago at Bulford I had about twenty chicks at least eight weeks old. We found several dead with wounds in the neck. One day, hearing a commotion in the field where the chicks lived, I saw them stampeding, all except one which stood perfectly still gazing in one direction. On approaching, I saw a weasel moving slowly through the grass towards the chick which appeared to be hypnotised. Before I could intervene the weasel sprang at the chick and seized it by the neck. Next day my man killed the weasel and we lost no more chicks.

I may add that a stoat carried out very good work among the rats here a few years ago. I saw it frequently, also dead rats of all sizes obviously killed by the stoat and heard sounds of dire rodent distress in a wood pile where they lived. Finally, I saw the stoat carrying a full-grown rat towards the hedge 100 yards away.—**C. E. S. BOWER (Lt.-Col.), Buxley Hayes, Manston, Sturminster Newton, Dorset.**

THIS YEAR'S WASPS

SIR,—Major Jarvis mentioned in his Notes recently the almost complete absence of wasps this season in his district. This was also the case in the Monmouth area. Some have put it down to the extensive use of carbolic powder in destroying the nests last Summer. Do you think there can be anything in this?—**E. H. ANDERSON, Monmouth.**



PEACE: ON A FARM IN HOLLAND

See letter: A Dutch Farmer and his Family

cheaply (if cheapness is to be our standard) as the prefabricated boot-box which appears to be the only design our planners can produce.

It may be argued that the majority do not necessarily want the type of house I have suggested. I do not believe it—the true answer is that they have never been given the opportunity to think about it or to compare the types.—**J. G. PUGH, Kimpwood, Cane End, Oxfordshire.**

A DUTCH FARMER AND HIS FAMILY

SIR,—This photograph was taken in the Netherlands, near Eindhoven, and shows a farmer at work with his family.

The smallest child was carried on his shoulder; the boy and girl, who could not have been more than six and seven, walked hand-in-hand behind the horse.

There was a dog, too, but he is not in the picture.—**M. C. CAREY, B.A.O.R.**

ON THE SHORES OF LOCH NESS

SIR,—A large area of the country on the western side of Loch Ness, the Macbeth estate, comprising some fifty thousand acres, is to be divided up into its component farmsteads and sold. This area includes the historic castle of Urquhart, standing on a rocky promontory and overlooking the full extent of Loch Ness. The castle was besieged by Edward I in 1303 and held out longer than any other northern stronghold. It is separated from the mainland by a moat sixteen feet in width. The loch at this point is 129 fathoms in depth.—**A. P., Hassocks, Sussex.**

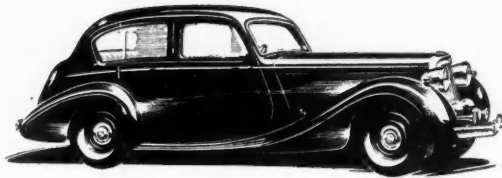
HYSTERIA IN DOGS

SIR,—A lump of salt the size of a marble rolled in lard and put down a dog's throat instantly stops all howling and seems to soothe the nerves. I was told of this remedy and my pup, 10 months old, which had been behaving like a mad creature for hours, was cured at once.



CASTLE URQUHART ON LOCH NESS

See letter: On the Shores of Loch Ness



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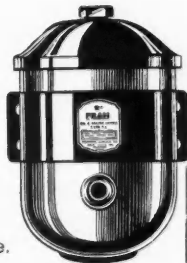
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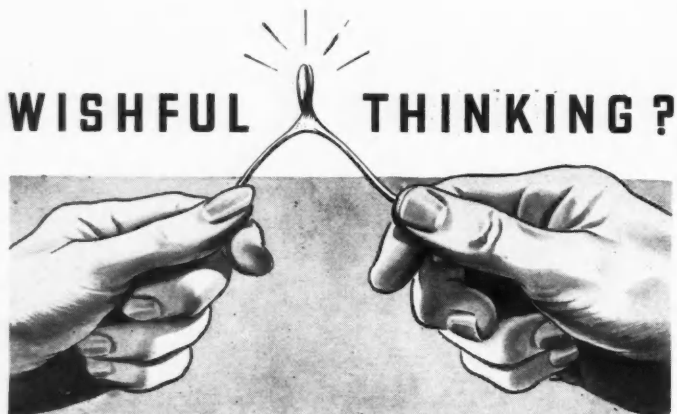
See the Manager of your local branch

Haig



NO FINER WHISKY

GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE



THERE may be some people who dismiss all talk of the early return of life's comforts and luxuries as mere wishful thinking. But for people like ourselves who make things, thinking ahead is necessary and there's no harm in honest wishfulness. So we have been thinking out new and better Morlands Glastonburys—smarter and more weather-resisting sheepskin-lined overshoes and boots; and slippers of unheard of cosiness and chic.

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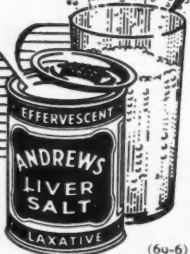
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NEW BOOKS

THE BURNING OF YORK MINSTER

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

MR. THOMAS BALSTON'S book *The Life of Jonathan Martin* (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.) is primarily the story of the man who set fire to York Minster in 1829. It is also the story of Martin's family, and especially of his two brothers, John and William. John was a painter well known in his time. An encyclopaedia assures me that he specialised in "immeasurable spaces, innumerable multitudes, and gorgeous prodigies of architecture and landscape." It also uses the word "lurid"—an interesting word, as I shall try to show.

William became what was called a "natural philosopher." He was a character, an eccentric. Hardly an invention of his day came into force without his claiming to have already thought of it. It appears that he really did hit on one or two bright notions. John, too, took time off from his painting to propound schemes for improving the London water supply, the sewage system, the docks and railway systems. William was a prolific writer of pamphlets which he hawked about the streets. His hat was a tortoise-shell mounted with brass. "If anyone spoke to him, he lifted his head-dress with a flourish and said, 'Gratified to meet you sir. I am the Philosophical Conqueror of All Nations. That is what I am. And this is my badge.' He then threw open his surcoat and revealed a medal as large as a saucer hung round his neck."

THE INCENDIARY

Well, there were John and William, and there was also Jonathan the incendiary, who achieved one of the biggest jobs of arson ever recorded. All three were the sons of a working tanner, and it is interesting to reflect that, in days when learning was by no means thrust upon the poor, whether they wanted it or not, all became, in however queer and perverted a fashion, men of mark and distinction. It is my impression that when the poor had to find their own learning or do without it, they went in for more serious things than the compulsorily educated pursue to-day. Of course, they had not the same distractions. In any case, here were three boys, with no advantages of any sort, who all made something of a stir in the world, and it is unusual for three brothers to do that, in any time or place.

The word "lurid" that has been applied to John's painting applied also to the imaginations of William and Jonathan. Both were stupendous dreamers, and both believed that what happened to them in dreams must be translated into waking deeds. Dreams greatly fortified Jonathan's hand when he fired the Minster. There was an element of grandiose madness

in the whole family. Jonathan was in and out of asylums for some years. Like John, he loved to draw and paint, but John seems to have been the only one of the three who realised that discipline and labour were an element of success. On no more evidence than one small drawing, reproduced in this book, done by Jonathan while awaiting trial for arson, one wonders what he might have done had training been applied to his lawless vigour. The picture shows him wrestling with a lion; there is a muscular force and energy about it that are remarkable.

As a "pressed man" Jonathan

had spent some years in the Navy, serving at the Battle of Copenhagen, and soon after his return to his home in Northumberland, where he followed his father's trade of a tanner, he joined the Methodists. His interest in drawing is here illustrated by a curious little anecdote. He took some of his pictures along for his vicar to see. Both the vicar and his wife praised them, the

woman promising to "dispose of them among the quality if only he would let the Bible alone and leave the Methodists."

However, Jonathan was too far gone, and he became a great thorn in the side of the local clergy. When he borrowed a pistol from his brother, the "natural philosopher," and said that he would use it on a bishop if encouraged by dreams, it was felt that it would be better to deny him the opportunity, and his imprisonment in various asylums began.

On his release, Jonathan turned author. He wrote the story of his own life, and "disposed of the book by hawking it round Darlington and the countryside. For this purpose, he obtained an ass and rode about on it, in imitation of his Saviour, dressed in a sealskin coat with the fur outside and boots to match."

DESTROYED BY FIRE

These peregrinations took him farther afield, and he was in Leeds when he made up his mind to fire the Minster, a job which resulted in the rest of his days being spent in Bedlam. Poor John, the one worldly success of the Martin family, must have had a harassing time, what with William's financial needs and Jonathan's insane outbreaks. It was John who paid for no less a person than Brougham to defend his brother, and defence indeed he needed, for a verdict of guilty would have meant death.

Mr. Balston gives a full and interesting account of how "the job" was done. Its consequences were "the complete destruction of the magnificent 14th-century carved oak roof of the choir, 130 feet in length and 45 in breadth, and of all the beautiful tabernacle work of the same period, including 66 carved stalls with Miserere

seats, the galleries, the pulpit, and the Archbishop's throne. Twenty-one monuments had been injured, and some of them totally destroyed. Of the organ, supposed to be the finest in England, only some fragments of gilt pipes and ironwork remained: its valuable collection of music, some of it in manuscript, had perished utterly." From all of which it appears that if you have a lurid imagination it is better to "sublimate" it as William did with his tortoise-shell hat or as John did with his painting.

FROM THE WEST

From Mr. A. L. Rowse's collection of *West Country Stories* (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.) it is easy, and gratifying, to see what progress this writer has made in the mastery of his art. Some of the pieces are nearly twenty years old; some are recent; and Mr. Rowse's improvement as a writer goes on steadily with the passage of the years.

What one might call this author's "speciality"—*la spécialité de la maison Rowse*—is the perfect combination of the objective and subjective manner. Mr. Rowse is, professionally, an historian; he is, personally, a writer seasoned in the poetic apprehension of colour, mood and the implications of fact. The historian in him seeks always a skeleton of verified happenings; the poet takes these dry bones and makes them live.

In a brief sketch like "The Story of Polruddon" this method is perfectly illustrated. We see the author set out in quest of the fact: a certain house which he believed to exist in a certain place; and there, sure enough, he finds it, or what time has left of it. There, tracked down in a cattle-shed, "unmistakably were relics of the Tudor house: a fine great open fireplace of shaped and moulded moorstone; above it, a similar but smaller fireplace; the wooden beam one of the original ones, massive and worm-eaten, but still keeping the roof up. That was all."

That was all; but all, you see, is fact, as also was the levelled ground on to which he now came out—"really the emplacement of a fine house looking to the sea."

THE POET

Then the poet takes charge, and the story of John Polruddon and his house unfolds in a memorable little story, full of the bright transience of human life, which is the quality Mr. Rowse most readily apprehends and perfectly celebrates.

I hope I have not given the impression of two pieces of method, lying side by side or end to end. Rather, they are interfused, so that light plays through fact, and fact provides the surface on which light falls and quivers.

The title speaks of "stories," and the author in a foreword explains that he uses the word in its older sense to include narratives of fact as well as fiction. There are stories here in the modern sense of little tales, small inventions, but the greater part is an historian's observation of things that have happened in his own native county. To me, this is the better as well as the longer part of the book, but no doubt this is only a matter of personal feeling, for the inventions are often in the realm of the "ghost story," and ghost stories always range me with the boy in Hans Andersen who didn't know how to shudder.

In *The Turbulent Years* (Methuen, 12s. 6d.) Mr. Alasdair Alpin MacGregor gives us the fourth volume of his autobiography, and tells us that there may even be a fifth. Here, we

are still in Edinburgh; the author is still a boy; and, again, the dominating character is his father "the Colonel."

Mrs. MacGregor has left the Colonel and cleared off to London with the remark "If only your father had given to the family's affairs a quarter of what he devoted to attempts to set the Thames on fire with Gaelic poetry, we would all be very comfortably off."

The lady had had enough of the Colonel, and the reader may begin to wonder whether his sympathy is not with her. If the author has to weep at putting an end to him, as Thackeray did when he put an end to Colonel Newcome—well, that will be a pity, but it is time the deed were done.

EDINBURGH MEMORIES

I hardly dare whisper it, but I am not certain that the Colonel's literary influence upon his children was all that it should have been. Mr. MacGregor tells us that, when a boy, he exclaimed: "Here's a pure case of parochialism, father!" and the Colonel answered: "Splendid word, my son!"

I should have admired the Colonel more if he had said: "Hey! what's that word doing in an English sentence, laddie? Don't tie orchids on to an oak tree."

But the book is not all Colonel. It gives a good picture of the Edinburgh of the author's childhood and of many people who, in one way and another, helped him to find his line. And here comes in a new character of monumental iniquity, the author's grandmother, whom he calls "the world's most perverted inhabitant." She makes a good bid at justifying this label.

POET OF DONEGAL

RUNNING lightly, with that delightful art which makes the simple appear to be easy, the work in these two volumes of Elizabeth Shane's *Collected Poems* (Dundalgan Press, 6s. each) is set in motion throughout by one of the most powerful of all human dynamos: homesickness.

An' this one thing's the surest now of all the things I know,

The place where ye were born will call, no matter where ye go.

So Donegal calls to Miss Shane from all the points of memory's compass: its sea and islands, its people, its fishing, its turf drawing, its fiddlers; its hills, roads, bogs, loughs, fairs; its simple lives close to nature, its joys and tragedies that are the same as all over the world, but related with admirable raciness. She remembers, in a delicious dialogue poem, the land where one day is the same as another day, and the land where singing children herd the cattle:

Oh! and rarely his piping

Blends with the sea-song below him.

The second volume contains a few poems not in the vernacular, and nearly all these are excellent, too; notably *The Donkey*, *A Discovery*, *Escapist* and *The Snapdragon*. Only the opening poem of this volume has an air of having been made rather than created. Over this second volume shades of the prison-house have begun to fall; but they are responsible for some of the loveliest effects, such as *A Forlorn Song*.

If I went to Ireland now what would I see?

The little red flower on the fuchsia tree,

But never a one there to pluck it with me.

Beautifully produced, and illustrated with fine photographs, these two volumes will be treasure to many a heart.

V. H. F.

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Y W C A

. . . TO 1945

Our pre-war income would be quite inadequate for this work. Please help by sending a donation to Mrs. Churchill, President, Y.W.C.A. War and National Service Fund, Gt. Russell Street, London, W.C.1. (Registered under War Charities Act, 1940)



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Meanwhile, nearly as much Horlicks is reaching the shops as in 1939—but many more people are asking for it today. If you still find Horlicks difficult to get, remember that any extra supplies must still go to those who have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

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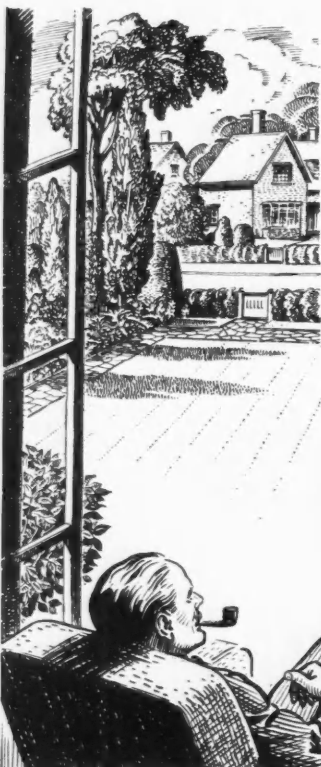
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FARMING NOTES

AGRICULTURE AND GUARANTEES

STRICT bounds are being set to agriculture's "brave new world." In his policy statement Mr. Tom Williams made quite clear that the guarantees of markets and prices are limited to that part of the nation's food which is required from home sources. For the time being it must be a large part because of our lack of dollars and famine conditions in parts of Europe with insufficient production in the New World to meet all needs. These factors will become less decisive in a year or two. Denmark is already anxious to send us much more dairy produce if we can provide the shipping and also the manufactured goods which she needs. Production in Australia and New Zealand will recover in more favourable seasons and with the return of the soldiers, sailors and airmen who, instead of producing food, have been fighting our battles in the Pacific. South America, too, will no doubt want to increase her shipments of food to us. Canada will be looking to the Mother Country for a continuing market for the extra bacon and dairy produce as well as wheat which she has sent across the Atlantic during the war. In trying to assess their prospects in the home market and the value of the Government's promise of security farmers want to know more definitely what part of the nation's food will be wanted from home sources. From what the Minister said it is not likely to amount to "the full agricultural potential of the country" to which the N.F.U. laid claim in its policy report.

The County Committees

PERSONALLY, I have no qualms about the continuance of County Committees. In the war all sections of the agricultural community have worked together as an effective team to get full production and ensure efficient farming. The new Committee members will have closer responsibility to the N.F.U., the C.L.A. and the workers' unions. It is all to the good, I think, that they should not actually be elected to the Committees by these organisations. If they were delegates some of them would not have the courage to take decisions that might offend those who had elected them. The Minister's proposal is that he should continue to appoint the Committees, but that a majority should be selected by him from lists of names submitted by the different sections of the agricultural industry and a minority selected by him from other sources. The practical men would be in a majority. That is all-important. The success of the War Committees is due in large part to the personal standing of their members who are known to be good farmers and men of repute.

A.I. in Denmark

I HAVE been hearing from Mr. Clyde Higgs about the remarkable progress which the artificial insemination of cattle has been making in Denmark. He has just returned from a visit during which he saw some of the A.I. stations which have been set up by farmers' associations. The Danish farmer co-operates readily with his neighbours for marketing and for the provision of services such as this. Altogether there are now 60,000 members of A.I. associations in Denmark and the 400,000th cow has just been treated. One bull has 3,000 calves to its credit. Some people here are full of apprehension about the dangers of artificial breeding. The Danes know a good deal of breeding dairy cattle. The average milk yield there is over 800 gallons a year

compared with our 600 gallons. If the Danes find that A.I. is a useful means of making the fullest use of their best bulls, and they have been doing this for six years, we need not worry too much about the fate of the many thousands of nondescript cattle in our dairy herds if they are mated by A.I. In very few instances will the pedigree breeder who has a select herd want to use the new service. It is not intended so much for him as the small man, who cannot afford to buy a well-bred bull to serve his few cows. There are districts such as East Devon where there are so few decent dairy bulls that the establishment of an A.I. centre may well result in an increase of 100 gallons in the average milk yield in two generations.

The Beef Breeds

SCOTCH Shorthorns have done well this year in the sales. Altogether 805 head have passed through the ring at an average price of £167. This compares with an average of £157 last year and an average of only £61 for 542 animals sold in 1939. The Herefords, the Devons and the Sussex have also, I note, been selling well. I cannot recall the figures for the Aberdeen-Angus breed, which is always the closest rival of the Scotch Shorthorn. It is rather surprising that the values of the beef breeds have recovered so well. The commercial production of beef is not especially attractive to-day. There is little enough premium for quality under the Ministry of Food's price schedule. Most of the extra money now goes to milk. It is true enough that some large farmers who can make crop production pay well enough at present prices would gladly change over from milk to beef. The labour problems are much less. Fattening cattle have to be fed at the week-end, but this is not such an exacting business as milking and men are more ready to do it. I hope we shall see a revival in the breeding of really good beef animals. The cow beef which we now get on our meat ration for the most part is poor stuff compared with the "roast beef of old England" which our fathers enjoyed. It will be pathetic if the day comes when the only decent roast we can get will have come from the Argentine.

Foot-and-Mouth

DURING this year there have been 122 outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease; 56 of the original outbreaks started in pigs and in 29 the outbreak has been attributed to infected swill. This is what Mr. Tom Williams told the House of Commons recently. Mr. Lennox-Boyd made the interesting point that there had been no outbreaks of the disease among pigs fed on swill from the American camps in this country. The United States does not allow the importation of meat from the Argentine and other South American countries where foot-and-mouth disease is endemic. Should Britain not take a much stronger line with the South American countries by insisting that if they want their meat to find a market here in future years, they must tackle foot-and-mouth disease more seriously and begin to make clean areas designated for the supply of beef to Britain? Apart from the losses we bear through the slaughter of cattle, sheep and pigs, when there are outbreaks here, the taxpayer has spent £250,000 on foot-and-mouth disease research in the last 10 years. Scientists may be near to finding some means of immunising our stock, but why should farmers here have to pump vaccines and other concoctions into their animals because the Argentine fails to take foot-and-mouth disease seriously? CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

THE PRIME MINISTER'S HOUSE

MR. ATLEE'S house, Heywood, at Stanmore, Middlesex, is stated to have been sold, for something over £5,000. Mr. Frank D. James (Harrods Estate Office) prepared particulars of the property, and it is understood that the adjoining owner has acquired it.

SLE OF A DORSET FARM

PEMPERNE MANOR FARM, a couple of miles from Blandford, has been sold for £13,500, by Messrs. Fox and Sons. It includes an old manor farm-house, said to be one of the best examples of its kind in Dorset, and nearly 485 acres. There were four lots, the farm, just over 484 acres, being the first, and it realised with the other lots, some cottages, £14,900, a pair of cottages being withdrawn.

REVIVING DEMAND FOR TOWN HOUSES

NEGOTIATIONS are progressing in regard to two or three notable Town mansions, and it is possible to announce the successful arrangement of contracts for others. Messrs. George Trollope and Sons have sold one of the larger Mayfair houses, 44-5, Grosvenor Street, also No. 45, Belgrave Square and No. 89, Eaton Square, the latter in conjunction with Messrs. Hampton and Sons. Other properties dealt with include Nos. 42 and 87, Chester Square; 17, 21, 24 and 36 Chapel Street; 21, Wilton Street; 97, Eaton Terrace and 39, Lower Belgrave Street, Belgravia; 42 and 57A, Catherine Place (in conjunction with Messrs. Coward and Co.); and 52, Mount Street and 22, Chelsea Square (in conjunction with Messrs. Way and Waller). Messrs. George Trollope and Sons acted for the purchasers of 51 and 95, Mount Street, Mayfair.

The Nuffield Organisation has bought Wing House, the great modern block in Piccadilly between Albany Courtyard and Sackville Street. It will be used as offices and showrooms. Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co. acted for the vendors and Messrs. Warrington and Co. for the Nuffield Organisation.

A SUSSEX FREEHOLD

THE executors of Colonel B. M. Humble-Burkett, C.M.G., D.S.O., have sold Cowden Hall, Horam, near Lewes, with 112 acres, for £19,250. As at another Sussex auction lately, the bidding was fast and furious. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. A. Burtenshaw and Son were the joint agents.

HIGHLAND ESTATES SOLD

IN 1830 the Moor of Muckhart, not far from Gleneagles and Loch Leven, was a desolate swamp. John Moubay reclaimed it and was awarded the Highland Agricultural Medal for doing so. The property was afterwards humorously and permanently called "Nae Moor," and it has since become the home of a noted pedigree herd. Messrs. Walker, Fraser and Steele have sold the house and 2,500 acres.

The chief item in the sale of the Balmacaan estate near Inverness, by Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff and Messrs. Nicholas, was the deer forest of 2,824 acres, which was bought by Mr. Derek Studley Herbert for £11,800.

PENALTIES FOR PROPERTY OWNERS

IN the last six years or so all sections of the public have become accustomed to the recital, in connection with Acts and Orders, of drastic penalties for newly-invented crimes. Of course, from the day of the incep-

tion of Income-Tax people had been informed, if they did what few ever troubled to do, namely, to read the forms, that fines and imprisonment, or both, awaited them if they understated their income. Perhaps that was a necessary provision, against which nobody was inclined to protest. The circumstances are, however, radically different in regard to some of the war-time novelties of regulations. During the war period many a respectable and law-abiding citizen was hailed before the justices and fined if a glimmer of light happened to be showing from his rooms. Others have encountered trouble for such innocent acts as sharing rationed foods with needy neighbours or relatives. Old-established firms of auctioneers have been, for the first time in an honourable career, called on to answer charges of infringing new and hardly-intelligible Orders relating to the sale of goods, and persons who took a day or two away from work were apt to find that they were liable to severe penalties. The extension of rent restrictions has been attended by fresh regulations regarding rent-books and so forth, all with what the official mind is pleased to deem appropriate threats of prosecution for any breach. Appetite grows with eating, and the prescription of punishments seems inseparable from the devising of fresh regulations.

CONVERSION OF HOUSES

THE recent and abortive proposal to control the selling-price of houses had its due accompaniment of pretty heavy penalties for failure to comply with it. Now comes another regulation with a formidable list of alternative or even coincident fines and imprisonment for what would seem to be the exercise of an elementary right of ownership. That right, hitherto unfettered except by private and voluntary covenants between owners and lessees, is the right to convert premises from one use to another. In this instance a so-called Defence Regulation prohibits the use of houses and flats as offices or for other non-residential purposes. Hotels, hostels, boarding-houses and similar premises are covered by the Regulation. It applies to any property that has been used at any time since and including the year 1939, and the Regulation is apparently to be administered by local authorities. A right of appeal against a local authority's order is given for 28 days. Penalties for infringement of the Regulation range from imprisonment for three months with or without a fine of £100, up to two years' imprisonment and a fine, in the discretion of the court, up to £500.

SMALL TENANTS IN BIG BLOCKS

THE proposal that large blocks of business premises should not be saleable for use by firms that intended to turn out occupiers of portions of the building in order to secure all the space for the purchasers' business, has not met with much encouragement officially. It is likely still, however, to be the subject of a limited but energetic agitation, which illustrates the ramifications of the current tendency to interfere with freedom of action regarding the use of property. In the past the idea that the short tenancy of some small part of a big building could confer a kind of right to fixity of tenure would never have occurred to most people. How much of the saleable value of some large blocks would be lost by the recognition of such a right it is hard to say, but it would be serious for many an owner.

ARBITER.



Painted by Keith Henderson.

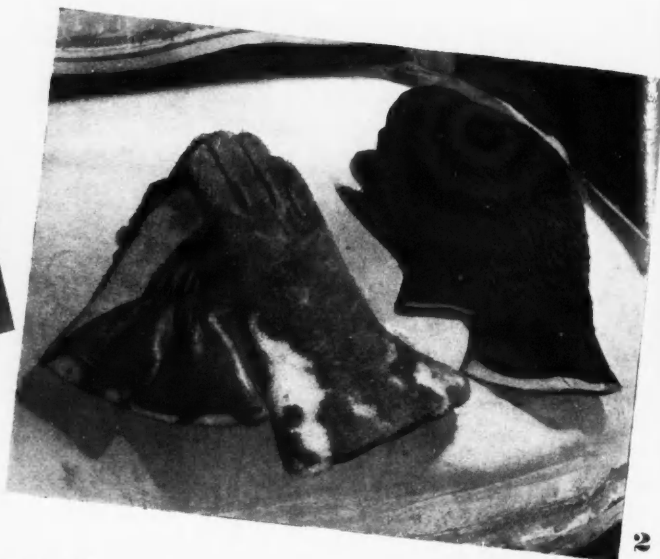
THIS is a State Registered Nurse on the staff of a large chemical works. She entered the chemical industry in 1939 and was employed first in the works ambulance room, being promoted to her present position of Sister in 1944. Medical services in the chemical industry have advanced a long way from the original first-aid rooms designed to deal with accidents. Indeed first-aid has ceased to be the only function of the qualified nurse in industry. Among other important duties she helps in maintaining the health and happiness of the employees under the direction of the works medical officer. She has to keep a close watch for the earliest signs of illness and treat carefully what at first sight may appear to be injuries of only a trifling character. Equally important is the need for her to be a guide, counsellor and friend to all and sundry. A tactful and skilful nurse will so gain the confidence of her fellow-workers that they will turn to her almost automatically not only for help at the first signs of illness or even the most minor injuries but even for advice in their domestic difficulties. She assists in controlling the spread of infectious disease and preventing serious complications after accidents. Equally her personality can play a large part in easing the worry or anxiety of employees. Industrial nursing plays an important part in the chemical industry today. It is recognised that only by employing trained and qualified nurses can the medical service of the industry succeed in maintaining the health and happiness of the worker.



Some Suggestions for CHRISTMAS GIFTS



1



2

THE stores look more Christmassy this year than for six years. Admittedly the gay displays are in certain departments only, and you must forget once again those traditional stand-by presents—crackers, stockings, sweets. On the other hand, there are the latest inventions in plastics pouring into the shops, and all the talk about there being nothing is out-of-date. Lampshades are by the million, showing how charming the plastics can be, standard lamps are all kinds and prices, trays and ashtrays in profusion.

For young people setting up house there are those fascinating departments labelled Turnery and Hardware to be explored, now full of equipment and useful gadgets for the home that have been absent for years. At Heal's I found pleasing designs in Perspex, a light substance that looks like clouded glass—wide, shallow salad-bowls and servers, cigarette boxes and ashtrays in sets. Some smart black plastic trays had handles in white or Chinese red, were heat resisting. A round brush fixed on a sturdy wooden pole—a foot-wiper for the garden door—cost 31s. 6d. For gardeners, there are trugs with a trowel, small hand fork and dibber attached. A kitchen set of wooden pastry-board, large wood pestle, a spoon and three tin biscuit-cutters—a heart-shape, diamond and round—plus a chic yellow porcelain rolling-pin is a good gift for a bride; so are picnic baskets complete with plastic cups and thermos flasks—quite up to pre-war standards. For a more fancy household gift, Mrs. Crick (Church Street, Kensington) will make you a small glittering chandelier to go with any décor; or there are charming decorated trays at the Medici Gallery. Everywhere, there are masses of wrought-iron coffee-tables with crackled-glass tops, and standard lamps of all kinds with fluted plastic shades.

Toys are stronger and better made as the embargo on metal has gone; prices are restricted to 24s. 5d., so there is nothing elaborate. Some really excellent pedal cars and scooters are most popular. There are not many of them, but the shops hope to keep up a steady, if limited, supply until Christmas. The adorable, stupid-looking Shire horses at Heal's are stuffed cotton, with gaudy scarlet or yellow manes, large enough to be hugged affectionately by a small person, but not big

1 Silver-gilt necklace in a design of Indian tusks; and three of the fashionable wide antique bracelets. Marjorie Castle

2 Mottled grey and white lamb gauntlets, wool-lined, leather palms; and Persian lamb mitts, lined lambskin, with black suede palms and cuffs. The White House

3 Two black antelope belts decorated gold braid; a snakeskin with twin buckles for tweeds; a black suede fringed with rainbow-coloured suede. Adrienne

4 For a man—solid round glass ash-tray; oak calendar; an elegant slim gold metal cigarette case; smoker's set in wood and gilt; transparent Perspex ashtrays. Marshall and Snelgrove



3

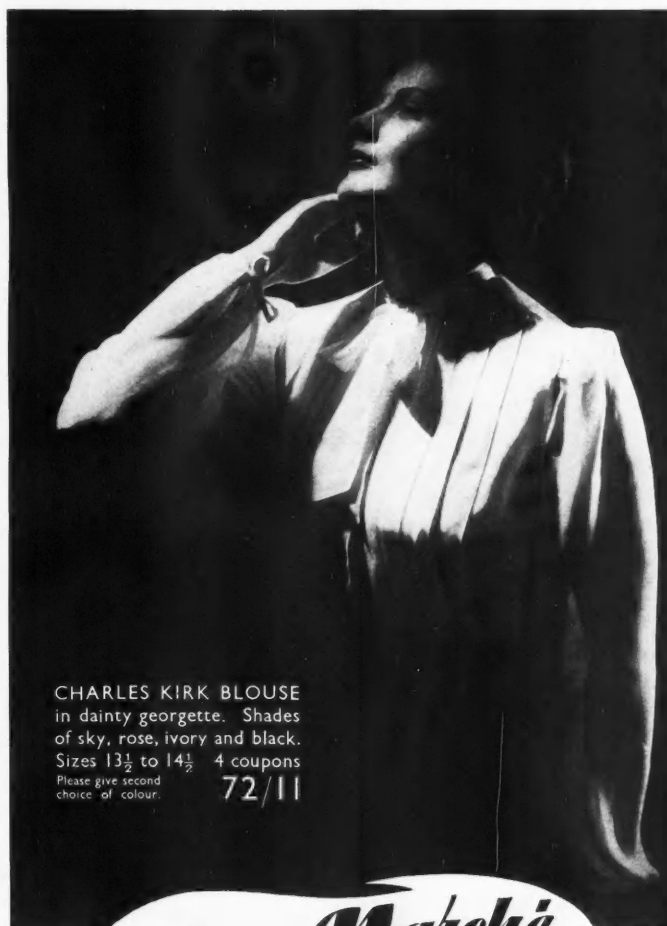


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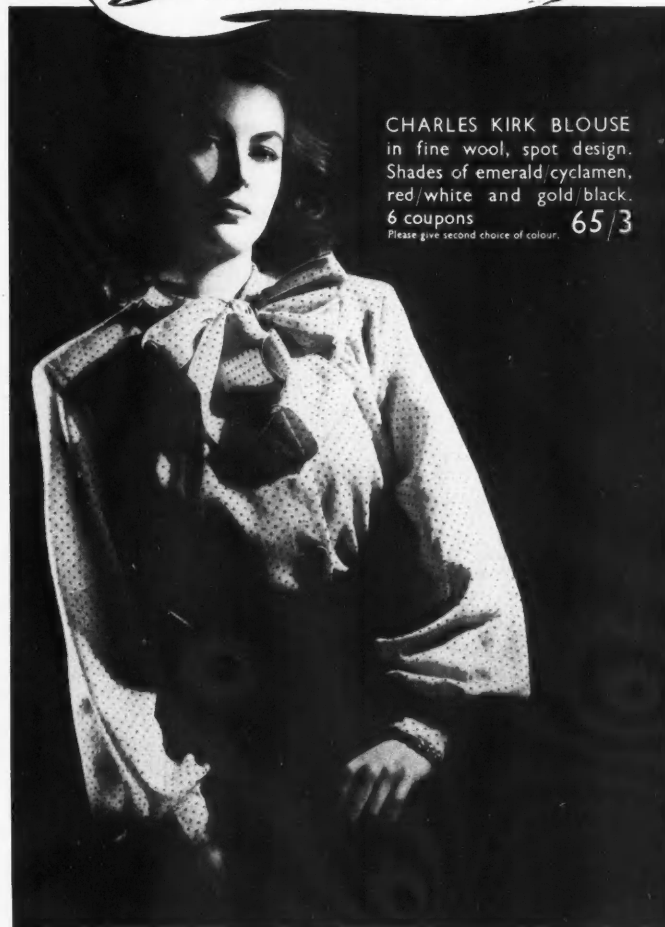
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of sky, rose, ivory and black.
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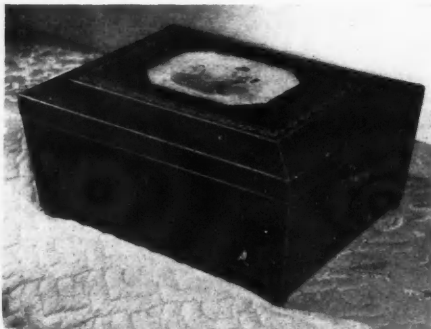
CHARLES KIRK BLOUSE
in fine wool, spot design.
Shades of emerald, cyclamen,
red/white and gold/black.
6 coupons 65/3
Please give second choice of colour.

BON MARCHE, CHURCH STREET, LIVERPOOL



(Left) Millefiori ink bottles and paper weights from a collection at Walter Bird's

(Below) Inlaid wooden Regency workbox, fitted inside, with a picture on the lid. From a collection at George Spencer's



Floating toys for the bath, paper basket, nursery tray and baby box, all in brilliantly coloured American cloth. Givans

enough to be ridden. Smaller horses in striped black and white ticking with equally fancy manes, are for slightly more sophisticated people, so are stuffed Shetland ponies. The amusing floating American-cloth toys at Givans are good for a baby, so are skittles, also highly coloured, from Gorrings. "Royal Rummy" is one of the few round games to be found—Gorrings have it. Cheapest of all, and always a winner, is Tiddlywinks at 2s. 6d. Fortnum and Mason show pretty aprons for tiny girls in American cloth appliquéd with Nursery Rhymes. For the nursery—American cloth paper baskets, a large, coloured Medici print, framed. For Nanny, a reading-lamp

with one of the fluted plastic shades, her own white tea-set on a pretty pink tray.

YOUNG girls present a problem as so many of the traditional frivolous gifts are couponed and so few of us have coupons to spare. An antique workbox in papier mâché or inlaid wood makes an unusual gift. Scarlet plastic umbrellas are new, brocade evening bags in the shops again. Merlon does up complete sets of make-up for just three lipsticks—one for day, one for evening, one for tweeds. A fox muff tied with ribbons takes no coupons, nor does a sealskin muff. Leather bedroom slippers styled like a man's scarlet morocco ones, but two-coloured, are very chic, very useful, but seven coupons. For the older, sophisticated woman; a wide antique bracelet encrusted with semi-precious stones; a bowl of hyacinths, or Dutch tulips.

In the junk shops you can often find antique tortoiseshell boxes, or the fashionable silver-gilt necklace with matching earrings. Pleated plastic sponge and cosmetic bags, brightly coloured, are charming posting presents—Debenhams have them. For a man: Leather braces (any number of them about), a print of his college, cigarettes, cigars; Malaga or Sicilian wine; a cigarette box; set of matching ashtrays and a hand blotter in the new transparent plastic. A pigskin address book, pocket size; an elegant engagement pad for his desk that rolls under and has a calendar attached—Selfridges have them. P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.



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Vapex had to make way for
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a 'FAIRY' in
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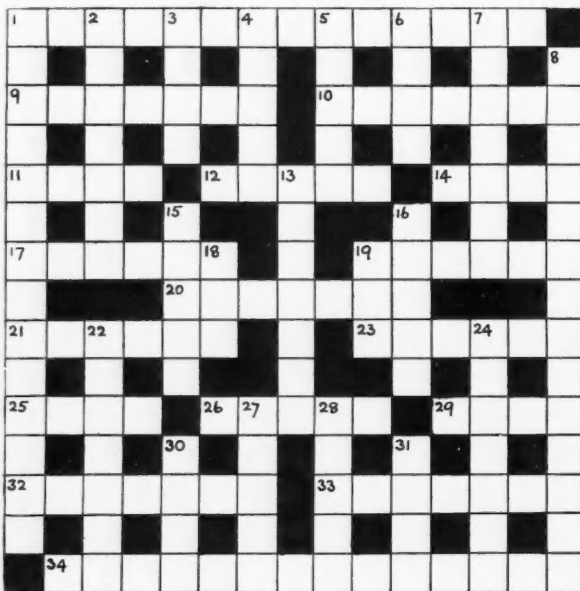
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CROSSWORD No. 827

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 827, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, December 6, 1945.
NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)
Address

SOLUTION TO No. 826. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of November 23, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Oh, to be in England; 9, Tumbler; 10, Idle man; 11, Crew; 12, Janus; 13, Once; 16, Letters; 17, Embargo; 18, Lessing; 21, Seraphs; 23, Ural; 24, Azure; 25, Hero; 28, Illegal; 29, Nankeen; 30, Newgate Calendar. DOWN.—1, Optical illusion; 2, Tempest; 3, Bell; 4, Inroads; 5, Epicure; 6, Gale; 7, Almoner; 8, Dangerous corner; 14, Peril; 15, A bird; 19, Shallow; 20, Gazelle; 21, Syringa; 22, Pretend; 26, Agra; 27, Inge.

ACROSS.

1. What Charlotte (unhindered by a fat ration) went on cutting (5, 3, 6)
9. Not a wounding remark made to you by the dealer! (4, 3)
10. Elk (7)
11. If he took the water in France the inventor would turn painter (4)
12. Greatest of the metaphysical poets (5)
14. Somewhat ailing incline? (4)
17. The lad seems about to meet his end (6)
19. To whom the sentry gives a passport? (6)
20. He's in the bull's eye (7)
21. Much too warm a coat, by the sound of it! (6)
23. It is central in this department of France (6)
25. The brigadier's ship? (4)
26. Illegal law (5)
29. Presumably rendered by 31's constellations (4)
32. The veil can easily be converted into a hay mask (7)
33. It's tunnel hasn't been constructed (7)
34. Suggests a handy meeting-place for a sit-down strike? (2, 8, 4)

DOWN.

1. Hardly accurate, perhaps, if they grow to manhood (4, 4, 2, 4)
2. Broke out (7)
3. One of four on William Allingham's poem (4)
4. It isn't thus (3, 2)
5. Shakespeare's alleged "ghost" (not Hamlet senior's!) (5)
6. Mountain pool (4)
7. Retreating sea of which Stevenson wrote (3, 4)
8. Fruitful behaviour when sitting in the corner? (6, 3, 1, 4)
13. Negative assertion suggesting it may be a woman (3, 1, 3)
15. Only good when old? (5)
16. Should it have been finally shot by Sherlock Holmes in *His Last Bow*? (5)
18. Lost by Malchus (3)
19. Dandy (3)
22. "The lightning rent from —'s bust The iron crown of laurel's mimic'd leaves." —Childe Harold's Pilgrimage (7)
24. Not too torn to mend handsomely in Canada (7)
27. Cold and gold destination (5)
28. They make the desert blossom (5)
30. Give it a meritorious order (4)
31. What the morning stars did in unison (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 826 is

Mrs. Naomi Anderson,
Gadley, Stamford Road,
Bowdon, Cheshire.

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